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Brockville - Ontario
Telephone No. 219

The Athens Reporter

—AND—

COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

This Space
For Sale
Who Wants It?

Vol. XVI. No. 40.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Aug. 29, 1900.

B. Loverin, Prop'r

"Brockville's Biggest Store."

New Goods

OUR MR. WRIGHT has returned from Europe after making extensive purchases of Fall Merchandise, and every incoming Allan and Dominion Line Steamer is now bringing us loads of new goods.

Ex. SS. "Corinthian" and just opened up—2 huge cases, containing:

350 yards Heavy Cheviot (homespun mixture) Dress Goods at 20c.
400 yards Heavy Cheviot (homespun mixture) Dress Goods at 25c.
475 yards "Priestley's" Choice Black Dress Goods, fifteen (15) designs to choose from, \$1.00 to \$2.00 per yard.
35 pieces White Victoria Lawns, 12½ to 30c.
6 pieces White Nainsook Lawns, 20 to 30c.
5 pieces Fancy White Lace Striped Muslins, 18 to 30c.
15 dozen Turkish Bath Towels (Chrysty's celebrated make), 10 to 75 cents.

Ex. S.S. "Dominion"—now open and ready for your inspection:
Two cases German Mantles and 108 Jackets and Capes, assorted colors and black.

See these goods at once.

ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.

CLOSED WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

LEWIS & PATTERSON BIG BARGAINS

Dress Materials—About 600 yds. in Colors and Black Grenadines, regular 25c goods, in short ends, to clear at..... 10c

Dress Muslins—About 800 yards in Fancy Effects, worth 20c and 25c; on sale, to clear out for only..... 10c

PARASOLS

Lot No. 1—Consisting of Fancy Lace Parasols, were \$7.00, \$1.25 and \$2.25, only..... 20c

Lot No. 2—Consisting of Black Parasols, worth \$1.00 to \$1.25, on sale now..... 50c

Lot No. 3—Consisting of Black and colored Parasols worth \$2.00 to \$3.00, now..... 1.00

Lot No. 4—Consisting of Black and Fancy Parasols worth \$3.00 to \$4.00 each, now..... 1.00

Lot No. 5—Consisting of Black and Fancy Parasols worth \$3.00 to \$5.00 each, now..... 2.00

LEWIS & PATTERSON.
Telephone 161—BROCKVILLE.

DUNN & Co.

BROCKVILLE'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS
CORNER KING ST. AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

Our studio is the most complete and up-to-date in Brockville.

Latest American ideas at lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ONTARIO CROPS.

The following is a summary of the August crop report for Ontario just issued: The yield of fall wheat is above the average. The crops have been harvested for the most part in excellent condition. In the St. Lawrence and Ottawa river counties the returns were not nearly so favorable as those for the western and central sections. Spring wheat is in excess of the average, barley is good, although in some sections the grain was discolored by rains. The oat crop is a large one. Rye will be above the average; peas yielded particularly well; bean crop above the average; hay and clover, a variable crop, not up to the average. Prospects for corn, good, except in the east. A good crop of potatoes is looked for, although the root crop is only fair. The fruit crop will be an abundant one. Pastures have been, on the whole, good. Though wages have increased, there has been a difficulty in securing help. A tendency to increase with hiring help is on the increase.

BROCKVILLE CHEESE BOARD.

The regular meeting of the cheese board Thursday afternoon was the duldest of the season, and the offerings the smallest, white totalling 1020 boxes and colored 1380, in all 2405. The cable was quoted at 52c colored and 51c white, no change from last week. Despite this fact, there was a drop of a cent which the buyers accounted for the sickly condition of the market. They bid 10½c and stuck to it. The auctioneer's persuasive powers were unsuccessful in getting even the slightest advance. He pointed out that the salesmen, realizing the easy tone of the market, were prepared to take less money this week rather than hold hot weather goods. He thought about 10½c would be accepted, but the buyers positively refused to touch that mark. There was a disposition on the part to block the market in view of a large stock on hand in Montreal, purchased at high prices, which they were unable to dispose of at a margin to the Englishmen. Their actions showed they were not particular about getting cheese at any price. Mr. Murphy held that the buyers could not afford to let the market price go down and did his best to bring the bid up to 10½c. Failing, Mr. McGregor got the call at 10½c and secured 420 boxes colored and 92 boxes white. Mr. Derbyshire paid the same money for 250 boxes white and 340 colored, and Mr. Webster did likewise for 185 colored. The other buyers made no request for a call. Had they done so, it is likely the entire offering would have been cleared off.

KINGSTON.
Aug. 23.—At today's session of the Frontenac cheese board, 844 boxes were registered, of which 399 were white and 445 colored. At 10½c six factories sold to J. Alexander.

ELBE MILLS.

Wedding bells will soon ring on the upper hill. Mr. John Moore wears a broad smile. It's a boy. Miss Alice Jordan was the guest of her cousin, Wallace Brown. Miss Addie Barrett of Toronto is visiting her friend, Miss Blanche Bates. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and son of Smith's Falls are visiting Mr. George Jackson. There seems to be some attraction for one of our young men out Bush way. Miss Jennie Coon, who was visiting her brother, Mr. Mack Coon, Mill st., has returned to her home in Elgin. Among the many visitors, we notice our friend driving a little bay pony, wending his way to Pleasant St. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Munsell Brown is slowly recovering from a severe attack of la grippe. The apple crop is a great success this year. The young people seem to appreciate the apples, but beware of the dogs. We are pleased to see Miss Grace Cornell in our midst again, after a short visit with friends at Lyn. Mrs. Manford Pierce, who has been spending a few days with her parents here, returned home, accompanied by her mother. Hon. Peter McLaren says that the establishment of an iron smelter at Kingston is a certainty.

DAYTOWN

MONDAY, Aug. 27.—The crop, except buckwheat, is about harvested and threshing is now the order of the day. Oats and spring wheat are turning out exceptionally well. Ernie Jones of Morton is visiting at Sylvester Stevens'. Luther Stevens and wife are on the sick list. Miss Ettie Irwin is quite poorly again. Fishing in the upper lake never was better. Joel Barlow and J. H. Wood spent about three hours on the lake and captured 25 Oswego bass weighing from two to six pounds each. Duck hunting starts next Saturday, Sept. 1st. Quite a lot of shooting is going on already. It is a shame that some are in so great a hurry that they cannot wait for a few days.

FRONT OF YONGE.

SATURDAY, Aug. 25.—The people of this vicinity are busy threshing. They report an excellent yield. Mr. P. Flood and wife, Miss Slack and Mr. T. Flood who have been visiting Mr. T. Flood for the past week, returned to their home in Watertown on Monday last. A number from this section attended the R. C. picnic at Toledo and report a good time. The social held on the Methodist church lawn on 21st inst. was well attended. The choir, to whom the credit of its success is due, provided an abundance of ice cream and luscious sweet cakes. The total receipts were \$25.00. Messrs. Wilson and Shook, who have labored so hard for so many weeks on the farm of Mr. Robert Beatty, at last found an excellent flow of water after going to a depth of 99 ft. Mr. W. Weeks and family are this week the guests of Master James Williams, Ballycanoe.

MONDAY, Aug. 27.—It appears that it would not be safe to shoot a dog, even if proved to be a nuisance. Mr. Townsend of Long Point and family are visiting at the residence of Mr. Ira Andrews of Mill creek. Mr. Ira Andrews sold a first class phaeton to Mr. R. Towriss of Glen Buell. Mr. Andrews is agent for a first class firm. The daughter of Mr. D. Ladd is visiting her father in Caintown. He is much rejoiced to meet her. Mr. Ira Andrews is a blacksmith by trade but he runs a wood shop as well. Mrs. Hornby of Michigan spent two or three weeks with her brother, Mr. Henry Powell of Caintown. We think the warm weather is sending many tourists home.

Here is a record which we think cannot be easily beaten. Mr. Samuel Hugaboon of Caintown loaded on his wagon and drew to the barn a load of oats which, when threshed, measured 81 bushels. Now, if any farmer can excel this, please let the public know and oblige. In passing Lyn we noticed some of J. Squire's work as a painter. He has just completed the painting and decorating of the Methodist church in said town and people from all quarters are flocking in to see the artistic skill of this modern painter. He is also painting and decorating the new church of the Holiness Movement in Lyn, and is tending on a new church at Fairfield.

Read This Out Loud.

If you cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
Or stick a crossed stick across a stick,
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a crossed stick,
Would this be an acrostic?

"Hunger is the Best Sauce."

Yet some people are never hungry. Whatever they eat has to be "forced down." There is, of course, something wrong with these people. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time they are given an appetite and then they enjoy eating and food nourishes them. If you find your appetite falling, just try a bottle of Hood's. It is a true stomach tonic and every dose does good. The best family cathartic Hood's Pills.

ARE YOU READY?

Late summer and early fall evenings demand

Light-weight Overcoats.

Our new goods are here. Some are beauties, and the surprising thing is they don't cost much. You will be interested in the Fashionable Top Coats we are making for from \$17 to \$21.

e give Trading Stamps.
M. J. KEHOE,
BROCKVILLE



Kingston's Big Fair and Agricultural Exposition Sept. 10th to 14th

The present indications point to a large exhibit of Live Stock, Agricultural, Horticultural, Dairy, Mining and Industrial products. The present applications for space in the Palace is a guarantee that the exhibit there will be out of the ordinary.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

This year's special attractions will surpass any former efforts. Some of the prominent features will be Balloon Ascensions, Parachute Drops, Fireworks, Horse Speeding, Clowns, Jugglers, Contortionists, Comedians, Corps de Ballet, and grand illumination of the grounds each evening. Special excursion rates on all railways and steamboats.

For prize lists and all information, apply to

JAS. A. MINNES,
Mayor and President.

J. P. ORAM,
T. D. MINNES, } Secretaries

THE PUZZLED SQUIRREL.

I have heard that fools and children often question rather strange, And as I ain't no young founding, with the foolish I must range. Now, I ain't the brightest shilling that you'll find in fifty mile, Never noised around particular that I know a wondrous pile. What I know I know I know it and can tell it precious quick, But, for solving knotty problems, think my head's a little thick. There are many things transpiring my old noddle can't see through, And if you will just have patience I'll acquaint you with a few.

I would like some information on a point that puzzles me, That is, why there's so much bondage in a land they claim is free. What about the persecution of the Negroes as a race? Why, I thought that thing was settled and of slavery not a trace. Lands I thought that dear "Old Glory" was the emblem of the free— Freedom for the white man, black man, emblem of bought liberty. They had better change "Old Glory," adding on another crest, And about the thing most suited is the eagle's clamorous nest.

Can you tell why they go preaching to the Chinese, book in hand, And then tax him fifty dollars in this country should he land. Claim they want to civilize them; very well, then let them come, Take the cash to educate them and convert them nearer home. I have often heard it stated that of every dollar spent For to civilize the heathen he receives about a cent. Ninety-nine per cent for wages, travels, and for servants' fees And to keep a lot of fellers lazing 'round about at ease.

Tell me why the christian people take such interest in the souls Of the poor benighted heathen as to shoot him full of holes? To inject a new religion tainted with deceit and fraud— Better leave them to their image, to their stone and wooden god. They are happy in their worship of their gods of wood and stone, If they only serve to comfort, they will prize them as their own. Talk about an idol worship in that so-called evil land, Here are scores who worship idols—idols are on every hand.

Sir, I've met some pious people, heard them shout and sing and pray, And they'd boast of their religion in a most pretentious way. They have told me they were fitted for the mansions in the sky, Only waiting for the message and they'd gladly say good-bye. Then they'd start a new religion, stand right up and speak it bold, Say they never knew the Saviour when they worshipped in the old. Do you call that human weakness or delusions of the mind, Or is it right down deception of the bare-faced modern kind?

Please explain why christian nations, worshipping in God the same, Will rush into savage warfare, calling on His holy name, Praying for each other's downfall, scoffing at each other's path, Pillaging and massacring, seemingly for gross and gain. Innocents are made to suffer, for the guilty wound and bleed, And a claimed enlightened people will condemn the heathen deed. Ask yourself this vital question, is it possible that we, Are the ones need civilizing?—are we blind and cannot see?

I don't understand why countries are allowed to form and steal, And the man that does the labor gets the small end of the deal. I can't understand why preachers preach of money day by day, Leave a hard-up congregation for a call to higher pay. Don't believe they have considered 'bout "the lites how they Guess that verse was calculated for the preacher long ago. Can you tell why men worth millions keep on grasping at a few, And the most of politicians never practice what they preach?

These, sir, are some hard problems my grey noddle can't solve, But perhaps they're not intended to be in the count of the world. Well, there's in the daily papers, you can see the news, And there is no act of council why I shouldn't speak. I've a right to my opinion and my deep-devised views, I've a right to my ideas, to express them as they please. As for would-be civilizers under poor religion, And false persecuting christians laying down the law, Or for many misanthropes and prophets of doom, They had better leave their orders to the Lord above.

THIS CONTAINS DOCUMENTS CONCERNING THE PUZZLED SQUIRREL

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

Accordingly when the man came at noon, Ned approached him in a genial, affable way.

"I say, Nicholas," he began, "sit down and chat with a fellow for a few minutes, can't you? I tell you it is no fun being shut up here day after day with no one to speak a friendly word to you."

"Can't, sir; my orders is to serve yer an' keep mum," he answered, "I'm well, of course, you'd have to keep mum upon certain subjects." Ned said, in a matter of fact tone; "but at least you can tell me something about the boat and your duties. I'm wonderfully fond of yachting myself, only, of course—with a slight smile—"I don't exactly relish taking my pleasure this way. This is a fine vessel, though."

"Indeed she is, sir," answered the man, with a satisfied look and drawn out in spite of Ned's praise of the dainty craft, "as far as a beauty, an' no mistake, as trig as can be, rides the water like a bird."

"Yes, I see she's a fast saller, and she must have cost a round sum. Been aboard her long?" Ned inquired.

"No, only 'bout three months, or a little more; one of the old hands did, and I took his place."

"Um—how many hands does it require to sail her?"

"Eight, sir, besides the steward."

"Nine men against two?" was Ned's inward comment, and for a moment his heart almost failed him. But he remarked with a smile and apparent carelessness:

"And a pretty soft snap, too, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; except when we make long voyages, then we have to stan' round party sharp."

"Long voyages," repeated Ned, trying hard to conceal the intense interest he felt regarding his point: "what do you mean by that?"

"Well, sir, you never buy a special long voyage on this 'ere craft; but they do say she came from California last fall, an'—letting his voice fall as if in fear of the steward—'we're waitin' for the loss now to make the trip to 'otter side of the Pond.'"

"To Europe?" Ned questioned, with his heart in his mouth.

"Ay, ay, sir; but I've no business tellin' you the affairs of my boss," the man said, flushing guiltily.

"What's the business, I suppose I've got to go along, too, and nobody can be the wiser for it, while I'm shut up here?" Ned said, confidentially.

"When do you expect Mr. Cranshaw to go to work, for me and the first mate are goin' ashore on a little leak to-night, and the man, having really thinned out, gave Ned a sly wink as he turned to leave the room."

Again Ned's heart leaped into his throat, for this arrangement would materially reduce the force to be contended against.

But he gave a little laugh and remarked:

"A leak, eh? Are you allowed to be gone all night?"

"No, sir; we've got to be on board again some time afore mornin'; but I reckon I'll be in the berth, and with another watch, and I'll be on deck, locking the door carefully after him."

Ned's face was very pale and grave as he crept under his berth and called to Mr. Hunting.

"We've got to take our fate in our hands to-night," he said, as his friend's face appeared above the aperture.

"So soon?" the man exclaimed, in a startled tone.

"Yes, for we may not see Ned have another opportunity," Ned replied, and then related the conversation just recorded.

They conversed a long time and with great earnestness, mapping out their course of action with exceeding care; then, satisfied themselves to wait, with that patience they could command, until darkness should settle down on land and sea.

Ned, watching from his window, saw the mate and Nicholas row away from the boat, in the out of the boats a little before the supper hour, and to his great joy he saw a third man with them.

Then he called to Hunting to join him in his state room, which he did, entering through the aperture under the berth. They then arranged their ropes and gags in readiness for their victim, and in about five minutes before it was time for their supper, they served Mr. Hunting stationed him self behind the door, ready for action.

He was a powerfully built man, and Ned, as he had been told, was a stern, resolute man, but he would not fail to do his part in the coming trial.

They had not long to wait, for steps and the clatter of dishes were soon heard approaching Ned's door—for his meals were always served first.

The key was turned, and the door opened back against Mr. Hunting, and a strange face appeared in view.

"Ere's your supper, sir," gruffly said the new-comer, a great, burly fellow, nearly as large as two of Ned.

The man went forward, unsuspecting of any trap, deposited the tray on the stool, and was about to retrace his steps, when the door behind him sprang upon him and dealt him a stunning blow directly behind the ear.

It was very deftly done.

The man swayed dizzily for an instant, staggered, but before he could recover himself, the least degree Ned was upon him, his strong little hands around his throat to prevent any call for help, while another blow from Mr. Hunting's fist completed the work as well begun, and the two men eased their victim to the floor, where he lay limp and still, entirely at their mercy.

It was a comparatively easy matter then to bind and gag him, which they did most effectively, and then lifted him into the berth and covered him with a blanket.

Then the two confederates, pale

and somewhat unsteady from excitement, sat down and quietly waited further developments, and an opportunity to go on with their work.

They expected, at the moment, to wait, to hear inquiries made for the missing man; but as no one appeared to notice his absence, they finally concluded that he was off duty for a time, and congratulated themselves upon the rare good luck of the circumstance.

When it grew quite dark Mr. Hunting, who, as we know, had made a long voyage in the yacht, and knew every inch of the ground thoroughly, ventured out into the cabin, to reconnoiter and ascertain if further aggressive movements would be practicable, while Ned kept guard in the state room.

Nothing was stirring; not a sound was to be heard, but the regular pacing of the man on deck overhead.

Moving with great caution, he ventured to penetrate to the steward's quarters, where he found the steward fast asleep in his bunk leading from the pantry, while opposite him slept another sailor—the engineer, who was also off duty, and judging from the fumes which arose from their breath, one or both of the men had inhaled very freely of some potent beverage.

A gleam of triumph shot over Mr. Hunting's face, as he looked upon them.

The first mate and Nicholas, with another man, were ashore; three men were thus well out of the way. A fourth was helpless in Ned's state room, and where were the other four? He skipped out of the pantry, drew the door softly to, locked it, and pocketed the key.

When he next sought the place where the common sailors lunched, and found two more sleeping there; they were probably expected to go on duty during the night, and were getting what rest they could beforehand.

The door to this place he also closed, locked and took possession of the key, and counted seven men as for he felt that he and Ned could easily master the watch on deck.

But where were the captain and second mate?

They might be in their state-rooms or they were liable to be in the smoking room, and toward this place Mr. Hunting now stole.

The door was partly open, and as he approached the place he smelled the smoke from a cigar.

Cautionally drawing nearer, he saw the second mate reclining in a novel and enjoyable way, while on the table, by his side, there stood a bottle of glass.

The man dared not attempt to fasten him in the room, for he feared he would make a disturbance and back to the saloon, so he sped softly opened the door of the captain's state room.

It was empty, but his quick eye caught sight of a black leather case lying upon a table near his berth.

In another moment he had it open, and, with a smothered exclamation, he seized the two handsomely mounted revolvers which lay within it.

Both were loaded, and with a heart beating high with hope, he hastened back to Ned's state room.

In their hands, the game was now all in their hands.

It did not matter much where the captain was, now that he was armed with these formidable weapons; he and Ned could conquer six unarmed men with them.

He tapped gently upon the door, which was instantly opened by the young man.

"He beckoned him to come forth, which he instantly did, locking the door after him."

Mr. Hunting put one of the revolvers into his hand, and with his lips close to his ear whispered:

"Every man on board, except the captain, second mate and the watch, mate is in the smoking room. The second mate is in the state room. The captain, I imagine, is on deck with the watch, and we shall have to tackle them hand to hand, after which we will pounce upon the second mate, if all goes well. Are your nerves strong and steady?"

"Ned simply nodded, but the look in his eye plainly told that he meant business."

"We must creep softly up the companionway, where you must pick your man and I mine," Hunting continued.

"At the muzzle of these revolvers we will drive them down here and lock them up, then go for the mate, after which we shall have full swing. Does the plan suit you?"

"Yes; it is well thought out," said Ned, briefly.

"Are you ready?"

"All ready."

Stealthily, with the tread of a cat, they crept up the hatchway, pausing on every stair to listen.

Ned, with the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth, went first, but stopped the moment his head was above deck to reconnoiter.

"The captain is sitting by a ventilator, smoking—the watch is pacing the quarterdeck," he whispered to his companion. "You go for the mate—I will take the captain."

"All right," Mr. Hunting responded, then added, cautiously: "Be sure you do not flinch, Heatherton; the least mistake on our part will spoil everything."

"Don't you fear, I've something deeper than life at stake," Ned breathed, but with a suppressed fierceness which betrays that he was indeed a desperado.

Fortunately the watch was not farther end of the way, and toward them, as they crept, stepped forward the ventilator, and he seized the captain from his view.

Then, as he saw the room, he raised his right arm and waved his weapon in that direction, and then out in a stern, authoritative tone to the watch:

"Halt!"

CHAPTER XLII.

At that startling word the watch wheeled around to find himself, to his great astonishment, looking straight into the muzzle of the dangerous

weapon in the hands of William Hunting.

The captain sprang to his feet, tossing his cigar overboard in the act, to find confronting him, the resolute mien and a cocked revolver in his hand, the young man whom he believed to be safely locked within his state room below.

"Thunder and lightning!" he ejaculated, and for once started out of his habitual composure.

"If you make the slightest disturbance or resistance, I will shoot, as sure as I stand here," Ned said, in a low, stern tone, and with a look on his white set face which told that he meant every word that he uttered.

"This beats the deuce!" growled the disconcerted captain. "You've stolen a fine march on us, for sure, young man; what does it mean?"

"It means that we two men have made a bold stroke for our freedom."

"You two men?" repeated the captain, amazed.

Then as he glanced over toward the quarterdeck and saw Mr. Hunting driving the watch toward the companionway, before the muzzle of his weapon, he comprehended that they had indeed gained the upper hand; but how they had accomplished it, was more than he could understand.

"I have no wish to do you any violence, sir," Ned continued, in a respectful tone, "and I would not do so unless you resist me; but I assure you I am in no trifling mood, and I shall be obliged to invite you to go below at once."

"What for?" questioned the man, sharply.

"To occupy your state room."

"And he looked at the proud officer demanded, in a voice that trembled with anger.

"Yes, sir."

"And desert my post?" he continued, flushing hotly.

"For the present—yes."

"But I may have a message from the owner of this yacht at any moment, commanding me to steam up and be ready to sail."

"I cannot help that; my will must be paramount to the owner's for a time. Take care, sir," Ned said, in a warning tone, as the man appeared about to spring upon him. "I should regret to have your blood upon my hands, but I am a desperado, and I will bore a hole through you in a twinkling, as sure as fate, if you show fight."

"You are a saucy, insolent brute!" he began and determined that he would not yield without a struggle; but the gleam of the revolver's muzzle stop, while Ned quietly remarked:

"Every man below is at our mercy—we took good care of them before we ventured on deck, so no one can come to your assistance. Now, right about face, and march."

The man saw that it would be useless to resist, particularly as Mr. Hunting, having secured the key, was now below, now made his appearance on deck, with the evident intention of assisting Ned, if necessary.

With a sullen and dejected air, therefore, he turned and walked quietly down stairs to his own state room, which he entered, while Mr. Hunting closed and locked the door after him.

The moment this was achieved the two men sprang swiftly and noiselessly toward the smoking room, where they made short work of overcoming and binding the second mate, who, having taken a glass too much, was almost on the verge of a drunken stupor.

When this was accomplished, Ned's hands fell weakly by his side, and for a moment, it seemed as if all his strength would desert him.

"We are saved," he said, with a long drawn breath, "and we're waiting for the air will revive you, for we've yet much to do, and no time to lose," returned the companion, who was scarcely less uncomplaisant, as the cool refreshing salt air blew over them.

"We must fasten down the companion hatch," Ned remarked, after a few moments, "then we need have no fear of any of the men below even though they should succeed in getting into their rooms," and together they closed and locked the door.

"Now you will remain here to guard everything while I take a boat and go ashore to report what we have done to some officer and telegraph to Boston," remarked Ned, referring to the plan which they had previously discussed.

"Yes, but in case the other men should return—" Mr. Hunting began in a doubtful tone, for now that he was about to be left alone in such a responsible position, he feared unforeseen difficulties against which he might not be able to cope single-handed.

"They will not—they are sure to remain away until long after midnight, and before that time I will be back with officers, who will take the vessel into their custody and relieve us of all responsibility, which is very sure, Mr. Hunting, that we will let no grass grow under my feet."

Ned replied, all his native energy returning to him in the duties before him. Then he added, as he sprang to the davits, "Now, help me to lower this boat and I will be off."

This was quickly done, and Ned, hastily descending the steps, which had been left down for the return of the absent sailors, sprang nimbly into the boat, seized the oars and began to pull vigorously toward the shore, while Mr. Hunting went back to his lonely vigil on deck.

An hour later Ned entered the headquarters of the police in Halifax and asked to see the chief, privately, on an important business.

His request was granted, and he was immediately conducted to the private office of that dignitary.

"Mr. Officer," Ned began, in his frank straightforward way, "you will doubtless be greatly surprised by the communication which I am about to make to you, and to come to the point at once, you have probably heard of the recent robbery of the Third National Bank in Boston."

"I have merely nodded, but his name constantly began to glow in the memory of a sleuth hound after a long time."

"Well, I am Edward Heatherton," Ned continued; "of course my name has been blazoned throughout the land in connection with it."

"Zounds!" interrupted the amazed officer, and springing to his feet he took his stand by the door, as if he feared that Ned would vanish by magic through it, while he regarded the young man with undiminished astonishment, for he, with hosts of

others, firmly believed that Edward Heatherton had robbed the Boston bank.

Ned smiled with some amusement.

"Pray, do not fear, sir," he quietly resumed, "I have no intention of leaving the room until I have told you my story. I am no thief, although you may have good reason for believing me to be one. Please sit down, as I have quite a long tale to relate and I must be as brief as possible."

He took a chair and placed it against the door, to prove his assertion that he had no desire to leave the place; then dropping upon a chair opposite the man, he related the whole of the incident, leaving the bank on that memorable Saturday, nearly two weeks previous.

The chief listened attentively throughout the recital, never once removing his sharp eyes from Ned's face, never once interrupting him.

When the young man concluded, even, observed with evident satisfaction:

"Well, well, youngster, if what you told me is true, you have put a fine job into my hands, as well as made a pretty penny for yourself; but for there is a big reward offered for the recovery of the stolen property."

"I don't care anything about the reward, sir," Ned replied, in a respectful tone, "and I would not use my name, before the world, of the stain which now rests upon it," Ned said, with great earnestness. "And now," he continued, "if you will come with me I will convince you of the truth of what I have told you."

"And, too, that you will be as expeditious, for my companion is on the Bald Eagle, and if the other sailors should return, he would probably be empowered, the captain and crew liberated, and all would escape with the booty."

"All right; we will be on board the Bald Eagle inside of an hour," the chief remarked, in a business-like tone, as he arose and touched an electric bell, whereupon another officer immediately entered the room.

The two men consulted together for a few minutes, then the chief, who had parted to attend to the orders he had received, while the superior officer came down at his desk and wrote rapidly for a while.

When he had finished, folded and addressed his epistle, he called a messenger and sent it off, then arose and began his preparations to accompany Ned back to the yacht.

"If you please, I should like to send a message to my late employers before we leave the city," Ned observed, after watching the man's movements for a while.

"Hum!" said the man, reflectively, he glanced keenly at him. "I think not; get your message under the morning even if you should send it. There will be time enough after my return, and he was not attended to, and a few hours won't make much difference to you."

Ned saw that he was regarded with some suspicion, in spite of the recital of his story, and he therefore resolved to wait until the chief should give him permission to send a telegram to Mr. Cranshaw, although he felt it necessary to promptly report himself and clear his name from suspicion.

A little later the messenger who had been despatched with the letter returned, and the chief, who had notified his readiness to start for the yacht.

Ned sprang to his feet with alacrity, and the three men left the room together.

In the outer room they were joined by two others, and then Ned led the way to the wharf where his boat was moored.

(To be Continued.)

PRESENCE OF MIND.

How One Man Escaped a Wifely Dressing Down.

When a wife is just starting down town to do some errands and leaves her husband at home, she invariably gives him from one to a dozen orders, which she touches in the language of requests.

This one said: "Don't you think dear, that it would be a good idea to get out the hose, drench the lawn, and then to get out the stone walks, and wet down the roof of the portico. That tin just steams. But be sure to put down the hose, dear."

He muttered things to himself while carrying the hose, spoke blundering him in the eye, lit on the back of his head, when he missed an intruding dog at which he kicked and then was dead ripe for a stratagem or crime. Of course he forgot to close the windows, the result being that he drenched the upper floor, with the subsequent suit of spoiling the ceiling beneath and injuring a good deal of the furniture.

His first conclusion on discovering this ruin and devastation was that his wife would make the fur fly, compel things to jingle, and raise the roof. But when he saw newspapers right and left as he ran, piled them in the upper room, made a bonfire, drew it out in time and then ran like mad to the fire alarm. The department responded gallantly, met the boys with a smile, told them that he had conquered the flames, gave a written order for cigars and sent them away happy. The wife never removed her hat, but went to the insurance office, secured a compromise adjustment for \$50, and then went home boasting about her husband's noble conduct in the presence of mind. Next day the company got an anonymous communication enclosing \$50 in conscience money—Detroit Free Press.

A Clock Full of Swallows.

General Thibaudin, a former French Minister of War, lives now at Montfermeil, near Raincy, and he there entertains a number of interesting and numerous visitors. According to Gaulois, he takes them into an adjacent wood, where stands the house of a master mason, Delavay, by name. Here they are shown the singular nest of swallows nesting in the chimney clock that ornaments the dining room, and inhabiting it to such an extent that the owner does not wind it up during that period for fear of disturbing the process of hatching. The presence of the family at meals is in fact disconcerting to the swallows. At 4 o'clock each morning they strike against the windows as a sign of the master of the house to open the casement and allow them to fly forth.

CHINESE TORTURES

How Savage Celestial Executioners Add to the Agencies of Death

What will add particular horror to a war with China, as it already has added horror to the story of the fate of the envoys and their guards, is the fact that of all nations and tribes and races on the face of the earth to-day the Chinese are the most cruel, the most devoted to fearful torture of those in their power, and the most adept in devising ever new forms of martyrdom for the objects of their hatred.

The mildest punishment that is known to the simple and kindly official Chinese soul is the cage or cage, says the New York Press. Its principle is that of all Chinese punishments—slow torture. A Chinaman would take no artistic pleasure in anything that killed quickly or that reached the agonies of pain quickly. His victim must suffer a little more, and then a little more each hour, in that way he makes his delight last long and can keep a whole string of victims to churn him by their slow agony for months. In the case of a criminal, the punishment is to keep the victim, till madness or death and his sufferings. It is a delightfully simple thing—so simple that there is nothing at all terrifying about it at first sight. It merely is a large frame of wood, with a collar in the middle, it weighs about 50 pounds, and is so made that it can be locked around the man's neck. When it is so locked, it rests directly on the muscles of the neck and on the bones of the shoulder, and it is so constructed that it will be shifted every ten or fifteen minutes, nor can the weight be relieved with the hands. In addition the collar has a sharp rim underneath.

As the victim does not suffer much, except from inconvenience, he is turned loose as soon as the cage is locked on him, and for an hour or more he waddles around in fair comfort. But gradually, as the sharp edge of the collar cuts down into the flesh of his neck, and all his muscles are drawn more and more tense, pain begins to conquer him, and in a week or ten days he is reduced to a wretched, seeing a maddened wretch stamble and fall around blindly, weeping and yelling with anguish. Remember, in addition that the cage is so made that the man in it cannot feed himself or drink, but must depend on others, who give him the chance to add to his hunger and thirst to his other sufferings, and the extent of this "easy" punishment may be estimated.

Crucifixion is a popular amusement in the Celestial Empire. The sufferer is pinioned and laid on the ground, where the executioner drives the stake through him, as an insect would be impaled on a pin, fully availing any immediately mortal ailment. The whole length of the body, from a death somewhat more severe, but even more hideous, to contemplate. A respectable form of impalement is the yellow wretches do not carry it out just to stop that he will live in incredible agony for days and days and sometimes even weeks, during which time he is placed on public exhibition.

Crucifixion is a common form of punishment, but usually it is only a mere accompanying detail of other tortures. Thus a man may be crucified and left in the sun to die from thirst, or he may be nailed to a cross with sweet sirup to attract insects that will bite him to death after days of suffering.

Of the punishments that involve crucifixion, the one that is the most official Chinese head of the most is ling-chee. Ling-chee is such a brilliant result of ingenious thought that the executioners rarely nail the man who is to suffer the form of punishment to the cross. They fear that the pain from that might interfere with his enjoyment of the real performance. In the case of ling-chee, the man is sliced him to death with a sharp knife. Therefore the man who is to suffer ling-chee generally is bound to the cross. Then there arises the executioner, who is a man of skill in ling-chee is viewed with high respect in the empire, much as a successful juggler is viewed in Spain. To handle in ling-chee and to see so much from the victim early in the game that he faints or, worse

still, dies before he has suffered all the slicing that has been decreed, would blacken the executioner's name forever and might even make him the next subject for ling-chee.

The executioner is received with a little murmur of approbation, for his record is as well kept in mind as is the record of an athlete in America or England. He bows to the high dignitaries and then takes one of his swords from the sword carrier who has followed him. They are wonderful swords that are used by the ling-chee executioners. Sometimes they are hundreds of years old, and have records so long and bloody that a person with nerves might well shudder to touch them. The executioner does not shudder. He knows what depends on his slow and bloody work. He swings the great weapon over his head, and it whistles, satisfied that it is ready for business, he approaches the victim slowly. Remember that all this time the poor wretch is being sliced at the assemblage, as the executioner, at the array of swords. He is to be kept in suspense still longer, for when the executioner approaches him, he does not begin at once to slice him. First he feels at him and withdraws. Then he makes believe against sudden blows, and he slices him with the sword, the victim's eyebrows are sliced off so neatly that it scarcely draws blood.

Now begins wonderful work—wonderful and devilish. It may be that the condemned man has been the subject of great Imperial mercy. In that case he may have been blessed beyond compare by having his sentence commuted so that he is to be killed in only twenty slicings, whereas hard-hearted offenders might have been sentenced to die only after seventy-five cuts or even more. If the victim is very lucky, the sword will be at him so swiftly that the eye scarcely can follow it. At each stroke some part of the poor bound body will fall to the ground. Now it may be a shoulder, now a piece of the breast, now an arm. Sadder still, the last cut is made. It is straight at the heart, and the weapon cuts it out and ends his sufferings of the wretched man, but the executioner now has to dismember the corpse, and this he does with passes of the sword, each carefully studied and done according to regularity laid out rules, until there is absolutely nothing left on the cross and a pile of terrible fragments lies at its base.

When ling-chee is to be a long operation, after long torture, the slicing sometimes is done so slowly that the victim faints before the condemned man dies. The executioner knows just what to cut without killing, and he goes to work as carefully as would a surgeon. Muscles and tendons and nerves are sliced from the body with the razor blade of the sword, until only a dreadful framework remains that still has awful life in it. And at this terrible spectacle the Chinese gaze steadily, without an expression either of pleasure or loathing.

Another ingenious torture that is much used is to suspend the condemned man with his head down in a pit, and at the bottom are snakes, toads and all kinds of loathsome reptiles, which writhe within a few inches of the victim's face. Here he is left until the torture of the loathsome hunger, thirst and reptile bites kill him.

Love in Michigan.

Farm hands in the west must be in great demand, judging by the following anecdote which the New York Tribune attributes to a well-known clergyman of Pontiac, Mich. "A large woman, accompanied by a comparatively small and meek-looking man, had come in and asked to be married. After the ceremony was all over the bride explained her position. 'You see, Mr. Sheridan,' she said, 'farm hands are mighty hard to get in this part of the country, and they are ever harder to keep. My get a good hired man and get well broke in to work around the farm, and the first thing you know he quits the job and goes off to town or somewhere else. Last spring I had a first-class hand, but just when the season got right busy he up and quit. I was mad, and now I am here. I wasn't going to let my first-class hand go, so here we are. The bridegroom in the case simply stood and smiled meekly. He had nothing at all to say."

SOME EARNEST LETTERS

By Plain, Everyday People who Believe in Doctor Chase's Remedies Because They Have Been Actually Cured by Using Them.

The persons who wrote the following letters did so in order that you might profit by their experience. If you want further particulars regarding any case here mentioned the writer will gladly answer your inquiries. A test of any of Dr. Chase's Remedies will convince you of their merit.

ITCHING BODY SORES.

Mr. Chas. K. Moss, Berlin, Ont., writes: "My child, six months old, was a terrible sufferer from itching sores on her body. The doctors called it salt rheum, but could not cure it. We tried many remedies recommended, but they had no effect. Having read of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I decided to try it, and am happy to say that she was completely cured before the first box was all used."

CONSTIPATION.

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Preston, Ont., states: "I can recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for constipation. My daughter, aged nine years, was suffering from this ailment, and she was cured by using them."

even give relief. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I procured a box, and they have cured me of this long-standing complaint. I don't have to use them any more, and which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent."

WEAKNESS.

Mr. W. H. LeBlanc, Bonfield, Ont., writes: "I was once a sufferer from catarrh, and while using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure I was recommended to use also Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I had used the Nerve Food, but it did not seem to do the best preparation for strengthening the body that I ever tried. I was exhausted, and I began to feel that I was never going to get any more out of my life. I began using it, and now I am healthy, and feel real and perfectly sure that anyone who is suffering from weakness or any other ailment, should use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

TIME'S BAILM.

When first I met the fair Maria, My mitted heart at once surrendered, And in a week with eager haste, My love and all I have I tendered.

LITTLE JIM.

His Peculiar Pleading For His Father's Life.

There were five men of us and a boy in the far western stagecoach as it rolled over the rough roads of Dakota. We had been together for four days.

We had arms in plenty, but no one moved to resist. Every bullet fired by the robber would bore its way through the coach and find a target, while the robber had the cover of the horses and was safe from our fire.

Little Jim was not a bit frightened. On the contrary, he rather enjoyed the situation. It was not so with the colonel. He saw him turn pale and heard him cursing under his breath, and he was the last man to get down.

The robber had a double barreled shotgun in his hands. He cautioned the driver to hold the coach where it was and then advanced upon us. He glanced carelessly into each face until his eyes rested on the colonel. Then he gave a sudden start, drew in his breath with a gasp, and we realized that there was a recognition. The colonel grew white under his look and began to tremble.

"Why, it's Mr. Pelton—Mr. Pelton! Say, Mr. Pelton, I'm awfully glad to see you. Where've you been this long time?"

"So it's you, Jimmy," laughed the robber as he held out his hand for a shake. "Well, you have been growing since I saw you last. It's a wonder you knew me at first sight."

"Oh, I used to like you so well I couldn't forget your face," replied the boy. "Are there robbers around, Mr. Pelton?"

With gentle hand the man pushed the boy back in line and then stepped back a pace or two. As he did so his face grew very sober, and I saw a flash in his black eyes I did not like. His voice was low and steady as he finally said:

"I'm much obliged for your complacency in climbing down and lining up. I think I'll let you off this time. The four of you may go back into the coach and go on. I'm leaving your guns with you, but don't attempt to play me any trick."

The colonel took his son by the hand and attempted to enter the stage with us, but the robber motioned him back. "W-what do you want of me?" asked the colonel in a voice which quavered.

could neither die nor go away until I had killed you."

"It will be murder—cold blooded murder," replied the colonel as he folded his arms.

"If it was murder a hundred times over, I'd do it. Do you suppose I can forget Rose Harper? Who separated us? Who maligned me? Who wrecked my life and sent her to a suicide's grave? Who drove me to be a fugitive from justice on a false charge? I'd kill you if 1,000 men surrounded me."

"The colonel was silent for a time. He did not look at his boy, but past him. The boy's eyes were fastened on his face, however, and a chill crept over him as he noted the look of a man standing in the shadow of death. It was the first time he had ever seen it.

"Take the boy away first," said the colonel with a touch of entreaty in his voice.

"Yes; that will be proper," answered Pelton. "Come, Jimmy, let's take a walk."

"What—what you going to do with father?" whispered the boy as he walked slowly over and put his hand in that of the robber.

"Run along, Jimmy. If you don't find me when you come back, Mr. Pelton will take care of you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pelton will take care of me and see that I get home," replied the lad. "I'm awfully glad to see him. Wasn't it queer to meet him 'way off here? I was saying only a week ago that I wish'd he was back with us so that he could mend my wagon and help me make kites. Mr. Pelton was always good to me. I won't be gone long, and you and Mr. Pelton must be good friends. Don't you remember that mother said she was sorry for him? We want him back, don't we?"

"Perhaps I'll come back," whispered Pelton as he turned his head away.

"Oh, but you surely must. I've heard lots of people say you were a good man and shouldn't have gone away. Mother told me if I ever met you I might speak to you just as I used to. I'm going now, but remember that you are coming back."

The boy went away almost gleefully, and the two men heard his footsteps and his voice as he made his way toward the rock. The father looked after him until he was hidden by the trees and then turned to the robber and quietly said:

"Before he comes back. And you'll help him to get home?"

"Yes; before he comes back," replied Pelton as he drew his revolver. "It won't be murder, Colonel Weston. It'll simply be retribution. Do you want a minute or two to ask God to forgive you?"

The colonel sat erect with folded arms. He closed his eyes, and his lips moved. By and by he heard the click of the pistol. He did not open his eyes, but he felt that it was leveled at his heart and that his life was measured by seconds. Of a sudden came a call from little Jim. Half way to the rock he had turned about to shout:

"Oh, Mr. Pelton, don't forget to think up some new Indian and bear stories to tell me. Nobody has told me a story since you went away."

The colonel's eyes opened. The revolver was lying on the ground, and Pelton had his hands over his face. When he dropped them, there were tears in his eyes. He rose up, put the pistol in his pocket and said to the man waiting for death:

"I can't do it. Little Jim would know it some day. When he comes back, take him and go down to the road. It's only three miles to Cedarville."

A HUMAN LIFE

A ship that throbs along in the distress Till lost in ocean's forgetfulness. A length of sweet dreams, whose petals turn To ash of unfulfillment in an urn.

A wing of tangled threads, whose parted ends No deft hand joins, no endless effort mends. A play whose folds the story merrily greet And go and leave its players incomplete.

A bud that opens brilliant at the dawn, Flings sweetly to a sunset and is gone. A breath between a cradle and a bier, The blindest of a smile, a tear.

A book whose pages turn with each new day Till close the shades and shroud it away. A mask worn till a passing play is done To cloak a heart that grieves and dreads to woe.

A lie, whose ghostly semblance is concealed Till a shroud its truthfulness reveals. A thing that shapes the sod for a brief day And dies and leaves its faithful grave more clay.

A story that is told ere 'tis begun, A song that only whispers and is done. A thing that chains the lightnings and that stirs The deep, the elements its messenger.

Lord of the sea and sky, a ruler proud That comes and goes on wings unsewn, a germ That grows to all a guide and food.

That comes and goes on wings unsewn, a germ That grows to all a guide and food. —James Foley, Jr., in Blinnick Tribune.

CUPID WITH A JIMMY.

How a Husband Discovered Her To His Wife. BY HELEN POLLETT.

When John Trumbull fell in love with vivacious and sprightly Gertrude Moore, no one would ever have suspected that he was aachelor, a chinkier and a settled man of 40.

"John, what do you think? The choice of an apartment for the one section of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of 20 whom he had wooed and won, let her have her way, with the result that he was being heckled to the queen's taste.

But as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trumbull gradually awakened to the realities of life. Mrs. Trumbull, being selfish and possessing a thistle-down intellect, fancied that it would not do to let Mr. Trumbull know that she was at all fond of him. Some old lady had told her once that when a man knows a woman loves him his affection becomes chilled like whipped cream in an ice chest. So she stuck up her nose—it stuck up of its own accord, by the way—and went her usual pace of bullying and worrying him. She would do this, she would do that—what John thought didn't matter.

But, as said before, a change finally came over John's heart. He still considered that dainty wife of his quite the smartest, cleverest woman in the world; but, strange to say, he was becoming aware of her peculiar powers of dictating and laying down the law. John was quiet and inoffensive and just the kind of a man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin almost to a shadow. But when she did realize it the blow was something fearful. It had been her opinion that even though she were to sell his best clothes to the rag man or burn the house up or turn his hair white with her everlasting criticisms John would ever remain the same—faithful, loving, enduring.

One morning John didn't kiss his wife when she went down town to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid and then decided she didn't care. From that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse than that. Once in a great while when John's old vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. But when he returned to his office he would find her old comment on his bad choice of a necktie or let loose the pleasant information that his collar was soiled on the edge. John's heart would sink, and he'd tramp off to work feeling like an orphan in a derby hat and creased trousers.

As it was not John's nature to war against any one he simply kept himself out of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoons he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of his. These trips were his only dissipations. One Sunday afternoon when he and his old friend were discussing some particularly exciting college scrimmage that had taken place 15 years back the telephone bell rang, and a woman's voice begged to speak to Mr. Trumbull. He went to the phone.

"Is that you, Gertrude?" "Yes, John. An awfully nice boy came home, please? I let Sadie take baby over to your mother's, and everybody in the building is out, and I'm having the fidgets. I don't know what I'm scared about, but I'm just nervous."

"All right, dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight. At home he found his wife sitting curled up on a little stool looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated and kissed her into saying "Yes," she was twisting her hand-

kerchief into little wads and ropes, and he knew by that that she was distracted about something.

"I know you think I'm a silly to feel this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that somebody tried the kitchen window while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always was afraid of burglars and ghosts." And then she had a nervous chill.

John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar. After a time the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbull had recovered from her nervousness and was pecking out from behind a window shade listening to a conversation that was going on in the court.

The servant employed by the family in the apartment just below the Trumbulls' abode was in the flat opposite telling the occupants of that place that she was unable to get into the house.

"I can't turn the key, and if you don't mind, ma'm, I'll go through your window."

The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parcel and pocketbook while she clambered from one window sill to the other.

Then came a crash. It was a terrific crash. Had the girl fallen into the court? No. The sounds that came from the door below were unlike those heard when Hendrik Hudson played mepkins in the Adirondacks. At that point a man, such as the stage become gives want to when the villain gets after her with a butcher knife.

It was sneaking. Mrs. Trumbull waited half a second, then stuck her head out of the window and with the help of half a dozen other feminine voices called: "Mary! Mary! What's the matter?"

The reply was a volley of sobs and squeals winding up with, "The flat's been robbed!"

Mr. Trumbull was surprised to see his wife with hair streaming down her back and hands clutching the folds of a bath robe go scotching through the library out into the hall and down the stairs.

In ten minutes she returned. Her eyes were big and black and scared. Her teeth were chattering, and her hands were busy with each other. She curled up on the divan and looked at her husband.

"John, what do you think? The choice of an apartment for the one section of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of 20 whom he had wooed and won, let her have her way, with the result that he was being heckled to the queen's taste.

John continued to read his Spencer. "That's no bad," he said. Silence of five minutes.

"John," she spoke very softly. "Yes?" he asked, not looking up from Spencer.

"John, do you know I'd just be scared stiff if you weren't here?" John smiled sadly. "You won't go off on that hunting trip, will you?"

"Well—well," he drawled uncertainly. "I just won't let you, now. They might come in and take my old candlestick or the baby or my grandmother's set of china. And—I'm not a bit afraid when you're here—honest, I'm not."

John's chest swelled up. This was something new. He threw Spencer on the floor and went and looked at his revolver. Then he tried the dining room windows. After that he threw his arms out and doubled them up to see if his muscles swelled up as it did when he was a lad at school.

He walked back and forth through their bit of a flat and held his head up high. Then he sat down beside that little tyrant of a wife and looked her in the eyes. She giggled hysterically and ran her fingers across his mustache, just as she used to do when poor John was so crazy with love for her that she could have pulled out every hair of his head and he never had known it.

DID NOT CHASTISE HIS WIFE

His Intentions Were Good, but the Woman Weighed 300 Pounds. "Mawwin, judge!"

He was an old, undervalued darky with lips like a pair of purple radishes. He had a determined look in his eyes as he shuffled up to the desk at the police court the other day and doffed his hat with an air of old fashioned southern courtesy.

"Good morning, Sam. What can I do for you this morning?" asked the judge. "I jest wants to inquit what a man gets dat done whip his wife."

"He ought to be hanged," said Justice Hall severely. "But dat ain't what I wants to know, judge. I wants to find out what de sentence 'o' dis coht am. Don't keer nuffin 'bout what he oughta git."

"Well, if a man was brought up before me charged with beating his wife I surely would give him the limit, and that would be \$50 and costs."

"But dispose a man had provocation, judge; dispose he was jest fohced to it, what would it be?"

"If de provocation was very great, I might make it \$10," admitted the judge. "Das all right, judge; das all right, I jes suah willin to pay dat fer de privilege 'o' knockin thundah out 'o' dat ole 'oman 'o' mine." The old fellow went down into the pockets of his ragged trousers and began to haul out dimes, nickels and pennies and pile them up on the desk before the astonished justice.

"What's this for?" inquired the judge. "Dat's to pay my fine, judge. I specs to be fohced to coht tomahow fer whippin my ole 'oman."

The judge put the money into an empty tobacco bag and laughed quietly to himself. "The next morning an old negro scarcely recognizable as the one who had been in the day before edged his way up through the crowd of prisoners before the judge's desk. He had one arm in a sling, an eye bound up and court plaster crossed on different parts of his countenance. With the well hand he carried a cane to steady himself, as one leg was sadly in need of repair.

His name was not on the docket, but he watched his chance and caught the judge's eye. "Mawwin, judge."

"Good morning, Sam. Did you carry out your evil design of yesterday?" "No, sah, judge. Dat's jest what I jes come to tell you about. I jes done changed my min' 'bout whippin my ole 'oman, 'o' jes come to git my money back. De ole 'oman an me has done made up. Dah she am, judge, dat la'ge, han'some lady in de deah 'o' de coht."

He pointed to a colored woman that weighed in the neighborhood of 300 pounds and stood nearly six feet tall, who displayed a double row of ivories as she smiled broadly.

The judge gravely handed the old negro the bag containing his \$10. He said nothing, but watched the old fellow force his way painfully through the throng to his waiting better half and deposit the bag in her outstretched hand. Then she took him by the well arm with not too gentle grasp and led him out into the world.

The Evolution of Signs. Emblematic signs, consisting of tools and utensils of trade, are of a primitive origin and became a necessity in the early ages to inform the illiterate public of the particular business or occupation carried on within. Thus a gilt arm, wielding a hammer informs us where the goldbeater lives, and the sign of the golden sheeps was the emblematic sign of the draper and tailor. One of the signs originally used exclusively by apothecaries was the well known mortar and pestle, these being implements for compounding drugs.

The ancient custom has not been entirely abandoned, and numerous emblems, such as the watch, the boot and others, are still in vogue in many of our large cities and more especially in the small towns and villages almost everywhere. At a later period, as art began to advance and develop, there came a gradual and growing demand for pictorial signs, which ever since have become very popular and almost indispensable. Afterward came the inscriptive or written sign of today, which is the adopted standard all over the entire world.—New York Times.

Gladstone's Levity. While Mr. Gladstone interested his audiences immensely by his endless flow of animated remarks and brilliant historical criticisms, he failed altogether to convey to them the sense of greatness. Every one left his society pleased, amused, perhaps delighted. But I cannot imagine anybody quitting it impressed with reverence. There was indeed a levity sometimes observable about him which was very antagonistic to reverence.

Dr. Martineau himself told me how disappointed he was when, meeting him after his great return to power, he said to him, "What an opportunity you have for the great work before you—the consolidation of the empire!" Mr. Gladstone shrugged his shoulders and said: "Oh, I don't know about that. The clerks in the colonial office have got too much to do already."—Contemporary Review.

Hired the Press Censor. The average newspaper man is usually about as quick witted as the next one. This was pretty well illustrated when the Chicago Record was placing its foreign correspondents. George Ade was sent abroad by Victor F. Lawson for that purpose. Ade did all right until he got into Serbia. There he found all the newspaper men in jail for political offenses. He was in a quandary, so he called to Mr. Lawson: "Newspaper men all in jail. Press censor very strict." Lawson promptly cabled back: "Make press censor correspondent." And Ade did it.—Inland Printer.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

But some stubborn people wait until "down sick" before trying to ward off illness or cure it. The wise recognize in the word "Hood's" assurance of health.

For all blood troubles, scrofula, pimples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the effective and faultless cure.

Strength Builder.—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it beneficial for myself and baby. It purifies the blood and strengthens the system." Mrs. HENRY WALL, Clinton, Ont.

Strength Builder.—"Myself, wife and children have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it strengthened us. It relieved me of a lame back." DAVID McGOSSON, caretaker, Colt Institute, Galt, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla NEVER Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-bristling and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

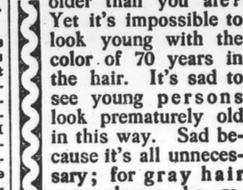
Dr. Clarke's Wise Dog. The late Dr. James Freeman Clarke used to tell this amusing story of his dog:

"At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he would be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that if he went there it was contrary to my wishes. So whenever he was near the station, if he saw me coming, he would look the other way and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else, he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay no attention to my whistle or my call. He even pretended to be another dog and would look me right in the face without apparently recognizing me. He gave me the cut direct in the most impertinent manner, the reason evidently being that he knew he was doing what was wrong and did not like to be found out. Possibly he may have relished a little on my nearsightedness in his maneuver."—Outlook.

Why It Needed Revision. "To whom do you intend to give the villain's part?" asked the dramatist. "Walker, of course," answered the manager. "What! That stick!" exclaimed the dramatist. "He's the only one available," explained the manager. "Then give me back my play," said the dramatist. "Surely, you don't intend to withdraw it," protested the manager. "Oh, no," answered the dramatist. "I only want to revise it. The villain isn't killed off until the last act as it stands now, you know."

GRAY

Why let all your neighbors and friends think you must be twenty years older than you are? Yet it's impossible to look young with the color of 70 years in the hair. It's sad to see young persons look prematurely old in this way. Sad because it's all unnecessary; for gray hair may always be restored to its natural color by using—



AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

For over half a century this has been the standard hair preparation. It is an elegant dressing; stops falling of the hair; makes the hair grow; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. "I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 20 years and I can heartily recommend it to the public as the best hair tonic in existence." Mrs. G. L. ALDERSON, Editor, Tex. April 24, 1898.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective, and does not hurt the stomach. Ladies who are sick, or who are suffering from any of the ailments mentioned in the directions, should use Cook's Cotton Root Compound. It is a powerful purgative, and its action is gentle and pleasant. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all the ailments mentioned in the directions. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all the ailments mentioned in the directions. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all the ailments mentioned in the directions.

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Agent for the Dominion Express Company. The cheapest and best way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call when wanting anything in my line.

Wm. Karley,

Main St., Athens.



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Athens Ontario

Athens Reporter

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Local Notes

The nose is the scenter of the face. The next holiday is Labor Day—Monday, Sept. 3rd. Miss Pearl Fair is visiting friends at Lyn this week.

The open season for wild ducks commences on Saturday next. Mr. M. H. Eyre in this week having the oven of his bakery reconstructed.

Mrs. Lou Hartwell of Rockford, Ill., visited old friends in Athens last week. Mrs. M. Elliott and Miss Winnabel spent the last two weeks at Hermon, N. Y.

Mr. Wal. Stency has succeeded Mr. Will Foster as principal of the Seely's Bay public school.

Mrs. E. Johnston of Elgin, Leeds Co., celebrated her 94th birthday a few days ago.

Just received, a fresh lot of bran and shorts. Lowest prices.—Athens Grain Warehouse.

Mr. H. H. Miller of Parry Sound and daughter, Mabel, are visiting at Mrs. C. H. Elliott's.

Westport Mirror: Miss Minnie Hamblin of Athens is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. S. McKay.

Rev. Burton Brown of Dalling, P. Q., is visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Brown.

Miss Gertrude Morrison of Brockville and Mr. W. T. Kerr of Toronto are the guests of Miss W. Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Layng and son, Ernest, spent a couple of weeks with their friends, Miss E. Hayes and Mrs. C. H. Elliot, Athens.

This week, while trolling at Donaldson's Bay, Mr. C. P. Bishop hooked and landed a salmon weighing within 2oz. of 15lbs.

Mr. Jas. Ross is the lay delegate of Christ church to the synod, which meets at Kingston next week to elect a coadjutor bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. A. James and daughter, Jean, have been spending a few days in Athens, guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Stevens.

According to the Railway Age, the C.P.R. has a greater mileage than any other railroad in America. It comes first with 10,018 miles.

A dry goods clerk in one of the stores defines a counter-irritant as a woman who insists on examining the whole stock and doesn't buy anything.

Miss Lizzie Stone of Toronto arrived in Athens on Tuesday evening for a visit of several weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Church street.

Mr. Geo. Taylor, M. P., and Mr. W. B. Carroll of Gananoque are in attendance at the harvest dinner, being held in connection with Christ church to-day.

When the Ottawa fire relief committee began to issue checks to the sufferers, the daily deposits in the city savings banks rose to between \$10,000 and \$14,000.

Canada's success at the Paris Exposition is shown by an award that has just been made. In secondary education Canada has been awarded the grand prize.

Mrs. Fred Barrington and children of Grand Forks, N.D., left Athens last week for home, after spending the summer with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Scott have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement by the death of their infant daughter, which occurred on Tuesday last, after only a week's illness.

A public meeting was held at Westport a few days ago, to make arrangements for a new race track. The following were appointed a committee to carry out the project: President, W. C. Fred-nburg; vice-president, Dr. Singleton; secretary-treasurer, M. E. Malville.

The many friends of Mr. Urban Davis of New Dublin were grieved to hear of his death, on Monday, after an illness of about six months.

Mr. Geo. W. Brown leaves Athens this week for an extended visit with friends at Toronto, Chicago and other western points.

Mrs. Loftus J. Greene of Winnipeg, Man., and Mrs. W. E. Davis, Fairfield, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson A. Greene on Friday last.

Wm. Otterson, butcher, of Arnprior, has what he says is the biggest pig in Canada, or at least, the biggest he has ever seen. It is fully eight feet long and weighs over eight hundred pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin of New York, accompanied by Mrs. Martin's sister, Miss Agness Compo, are visiting friends in Athens this week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mott. They are on route home after a tour among the Thousand Islands.

The annual meeting of the high court of I.O.F. for Eastern Ontario was held last week in Brockville. The result of the year's work has been the addition of five new courts and an increase of 458 over deaths and lapses, the membership on 30th June being 10,682.

A painful, though not serious accident occurred at the home of Mr. Wm. Hamblin at Washburn's this morning. While repairing a stable, his son, John, had the misfortune to bring his knee into too close contact with an ax. The gash, though slight, merited medical attendance.

Rideau Canal Anniversary. Thursday of last week, says an Ottawa exchange, was the seventy-third anniversary of laying the foundation stone of Rideau canal locks between Sapper's bridge and Nepean point. On August 16th, 1827, the great stone, weighing one and a quarter tons, was well and truly laid by Sir John Franklin, then Captain Franklin, the intrepid Arctic explorer. Sir John had just returned from one of his exploration trips along the Arctic coast and was the guest of the 71st Regiment, then on duty here. Colonel By, the founder of Ottawa and superintendent of the construction of the Rideau canal, decided to recognize the honor paid the place by a visit from the famous explorer by associating his name with the construction of what was, at that time, looked upon as a most important national highway. The work on the canal was begun in 1826, and on the 20th of May, 1832, a steamer passed through from Bytown to Kingston.

Four shots. All the principal correspondents at the front, among them Mr. Burleigh, Mr. Villiers, the war artist; The Daily News and The Times Mafeking correspondents as well as Sir Howard Vincent have testified to the poor shooting in unmistakable terms. Mr. Villiers' experience was a particularly striking one. While asleep in his Cape camp on the 100 yards off by three gentlemen in khaki, who mistook him for a Boer farmer. As he tersely puts it, "I never felt anywhere so safe as when under my countrymen's fire." An analysis of the "withering rifle fire of the British advance" shows that in very few instances was a Boer hit more than once, while many of our men had several. Mauser bullets through them, in some instances as many as 12 and 13. English as well as foreign doctors in Boer hospitals report that almost all the wounded Boers have come to their injuries by artillery fire. Dr. von Gernet states "that the British rifle fire is almost quite without effect," which, if the instances I can cite of regulars who were hurried to the front who had never fired a service rifle in their lives be at all general, can hardly rouse surprise.—Nineteenth Century.

China's Oldest Society. The oldest society in China is the Triad society, known also as the "Sam Hop Eul." It has its lodges, and there are flags, banners and umbrellas connected with it. It holds regular meetings, and it forces influential individuals to join its organization. It is not amenable to persuasion. It has the power of life and death over its members, who have their own signs and passwords. You can tell, it is said, whether a man belongs to the order by the way he enters a house. Their motto is, "Drive out the Tartars," and one branch of the society dates back to 1084 A. D., or twenty years after the conquest.

A Determination. I've changed my intentions. No longer will I win me; I'm tending the farm. I've lost precious moments— I'm sure of it now— A foliain politics "said of the plow.

For talkin' won't hitch up The bosses, you know, An speeches won't furrow The soil, row by row. The seasons is changing; I'll quit it, I vow— This foliain politics "said of the plow," Washington Star.

First Class in Logic, Please Criticize. "But how," asked the hard featured man who was looking at the pictures, "do you know this is an accurate likeness of Homer?" "Do you know, sir, of anybody else it looks like?" demanded the artist. "No." "Then of course it's Homer."—Chicago Tribune.

LIKE THE LITTLE ONES. Men, as a rule, are fond of the society of children. There's a very general idea abroad in the land that men don't care to board in a house where there are children," said one of the sterner sex yesterday, "but that is, I believe, a great mistake, just as it is an error to imagine that men generally don't like the little ones. No doubt there are a few crusty old bachelors in the world who would be horribly annoyed by pattering feet and shrill little voices in the halls and on the stairs, but I must confess I like to hear these noises, and I find by questioning a number of my friends—all young, unmarried men—that they do also. The children give a sort of homy atmosphere that's very pleasant to even the most comfortless places.

"Taking one thing with another, I believe men are fonder of children than women are anyhow. What I mean is that more men than women are fond of them. I know plenty of the gentler sex who wouldn't think of going to a boarding house where youngsters were admitted, and I know just as many men who seek out those places and obtain a certain amount of comfort and satisfaction in their lonely lives in making friends with the youngsters and spending valuable time repairing sundry broken toys or telling wonderful stories in which giants figure to an amazing extent.

"A child's affection is a very delightful thing, and most men feel flattered to be the object of even a mild liking on the part of the small tyrants. There are half a dozen little ones in the house where I board, and I am the familiar friend of every one of them. It's a very delightful and absorbing acquaintance, and I'm fast developing into a story teller of such marked ability that I'll make a fortune in this way, no doubt, after awhile."—Detroit Free Press.

VIOLIN AND SONG. He'd nothing but his violin, I'd nothing but my song. But we were wed when skies were blue, And summer days were long. And when we parted by the ledge The robins came and told How they had dared to woo and win When early spring was cold. We sometimes sipped on dewberries Or slept among the hay, But oh the farmers' wives at eve Came out to hear us play. The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes; We could not stirve for long. While my man had his violin, And I my sweet love song.

The world has ere gone well with us, Old man, since we were one; Our homeless wandering down the lanes, It long ago was done. But those who wait for gold or gear, For homes and for kind, Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and grey.

And love and beauty this Will never know the joy of hearts That met without a fear When you had but your violin And I a song, my dear.

A FALSE ALARM. It came at a most inopportune time For the pretty Annet. "And it all came from a little petty, miserable, insignificant, nickel plated alarm clock that cost me just 69 cents at a bargain sale!" exclaimed the pretty girl in blue, with flashing eyes, to her sympathetic friend. "I haven't the slightest idea why I bought it unless it was because it was so cheap, for goodness knows I didn't need it! But buy it I did and carried it home, where I bragged of my bargain all the rest of the day. It wouldn't run more than half the time, and finally I turned it over to my little sister to play with.

"You know the time I have had with that eligible young man and how I have quarreled with every girl friend I know who has dared to look at him? But you don't know how many nights I have wasted sitting up planning a campaign that would be successful! "Well, he called the other evening, and I served notice on the rest of the family that we wanted the drawing room to ourselves that evening, for I felt sure that the supreme moment had arrived. I wasn't disappointed. We were sitting side by side on a divan, quite by accident, looking at some engravings when he began, and I tried to look as if I was awfully surprised. But he hadn't spoken more than three words before that miserable alarm clock went off right under us, where my little sister had left it when she was through playing with it.

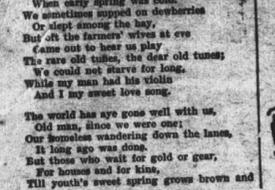
"From the way the young man jumped you would have thought that he was a part of the alarm and always acted that way when the alarm was sprung. He made for the door, mumbling something that I didn't catch on account of the noise that the alarm made, and he was outdoors before the din ceased and gave me a chance to collect my wits. And to think that it was all caused by a little, miserable, petty— The pretty girl in blue gave it up and burst out crying.

VOTERS' LIST FOR 1900 Municipality of the Rear of Yonge and Escott in the County of Leeds. Notice is hereby given, that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 2 and 3 of the Ontario Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be pursued to said act, of the list, made pursuant to said act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Legislative Assembly and Municipal Council, and that the said list was posted up at my office, at Elbo Mills, on the 22nd day of August, 1900, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated at Elbo Mills this 22nd day of Aug. 1900. RICHARD E. CORNELL, Clerk of said Municipality.

A Newspaper Man Speaks.



Mr. E. C. Dean, City Editor of the Daily British Whig, Kingston, Ont., was a sufferer for thirteen years from neuralgia in the head. Hearken to his unsolicited testimony: I take much pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure for the treatment of neuralgia. I suffered for thirteen years with neuralgia in my head, immediately above the eyes. For one whole year before trying Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure, I was scarcely ever free from pain, and for five weeks at a stretch I was confined to my room unable to eat or sleep and during this time six physicians treated me declaring that they had given me every remedy known to the medical profession; but without affording me even temporary relief, except when they administered morphine hypodermically. A friend, Henry Wade, the well known druggist, recommended to me a trial of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure. Less than half a bottle gave me relief, and after taking the contents of three bottles I am able to declare myself completely cured.

Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is put up in 50 cent bottles, containing ten days' treatment. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicine. The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

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C. O. C. F.
Addison Council No 156 Canadian Order of Chosen Friends meets the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month in Ashwood Hall, Addison, Ont. Motto, Friendship, Aid and Protection. W. J. LOVERIN, C. O. R. HERBERT FIELD Recorder.

I. O. F.
Court: Glen Buell No 878 Independent Order of Foresters, meets in Bings Hall, Glen Buell, on the 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7.30. Visitors always welcome. W. J. ANDERSON, O. R. C. J. GILROY, R. S.

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C. W. Gay, Proprietor, BROCKVILLE.

Winter Wheat Tests:

Results of Experiments Conducted at the Ontario Agricultural College, 1900.

Upwards of three hundred plots were used for the winter wheat experiments conducted at the Ontario Agricultural College during the past year. The greater number of these tests have been carried on for several years in succession, and the average results are of greater value than those obtained from tests of any one season.

One hundred and fifty-nine varieties of winter wheat have been grown at the College within the past thirteen years. These include the Canadian varieties and also those imported from Germany, Russia, France, England, Scotland, Australia, and the United States.

The five varieties which gave the highest and the three varieties which gave the lowest average yields in the six years' tests of the thirty-three varieties are as follows:

| Strength. | Lbs. Bush. | Per bush. |
|--------------------------|------------|-----------|
| 1. Dawson's Golden Chaff | Strong | 63.3 56.7 |
| 2. Egyptian Amber | Weak | 61.3 52.6 |
| 3. Imperial Amber | Weak | 60.6 52.1 |
| 4. Early Genesee | Strong | 60.5 51.9 |
| 5. Reliable, red | Weak | 61.4 50.9 |
| 81. Treadwell, white | Strong | 60.7 42.3 |
| 82. Turkey Red | Weak | 61.9 41.3 |
| 83. Velvet, red | Strong | 62.5 40.7 |

The grain of each of these varieties was recently judged for milling qualities by representatives from the James Golden Milling Company, Guelph, with the following results: Dawson's Golden Chaff, good; Egyptian Amber, extra good; Imperial Amber, extra good; Early Genesee (dwarf), good; Reliable, medium; Treadwell, extra good; Turkey Red, good; Velvet Chaff, poor. Some millers speak against and some in favor of the Dawson's Golden Chaff as a milling wheat. The grain of the Turkey Red variety is very hard and evidently is well liked by the millers of the West.

For each of four years, different selections of seed have been made from each of two varieties of winter wheat and have been sown on separate plots. The average yield in the field of grain per acre of the eight tests thus made are as follows: Large plump seed, 42.1 bushels; small plump seed, 37.0 bushels; medium seed, 39.5 bushels; and broad seed, 7.3 bushels. The grain produced from the large plump seed also produced a heavier weight per measured bushel than the grain produced from any other selection.

The average of several years' results from seedling at different dates show that the grain which was sown on or before the 15th of September gave a considerably larger yield of both straw and grain than that which was sown after that date. The very best yields were obtained from the wheat which was sown in the last week of August.

An experiment with different preparations of winter wheat land has been conducted in duplicate in each of four years. The average results from the four years are as follows: Twenty tons of farm-yard manure per acre on bare summer fallow, 40.9; crop of peas ploughed under, 38.1; bare summer fallow, 38.8; crop of buckwheat ploughed under, 29.6. These results show that peas give much better results than any other manure used on winter wheat.

In an experiment conducted during the past year in growing wheat on grass sod and on clover sod, it was found that the former gave 28.2 per cent. less in yield of grain per acre than the latter. Ten plots were used for the experiment. The crop of both grass and clover was removed from the land in 1899, after which the land was ploughed and the wheat was sown during the first week of September. The experiment will likely be repeated for several years.

In each of six years an experiment has been conducted in duplicate by sowing winter wheat broadcast, and with a drill. The results from sowing the same quantities of seed by the two methods are very similar. The yields per acre being practically equal. It should be understood that the land was in a good state of cultivation when the seedling took place in every case.

In order to find out the influence of sowing wheat at different stages of maturity upon the quality of the grain for seed purposes, samples were taken from the crop cut on different dates, and these samples were carefully sown upon separate plots. In the average results of these tests made with two varieties in each of five years, it was found that the heaviest weight of grain per measured bushel, and the largest yield of grain and straw per acre, were produced from seed taken from the crop which had been allowed to become very ripe before it was cut.

Co-operative Experiments. Five varieties of winter wheat were sent out for co-operative experiments in the autumn of 1899. These were divided into two sets. In three varieties in each set, the Dawson's Golden Chaff being used in both sets as a basis by which the results of all the varieties could be compared with one another. We received one hundred and four bushels of successfully conducted experiments for

wheat tested in 1900 on 114 Ontario farms:

| Varities. | Tons of Straw. | Bush of Grain. |
|-----------------------|----------------|----------------|
| Dawson's Golden Chaff | 1.8 | 30.1 |
| Gold Coin | 1.8 | 28.1 |
| Early Genesee | 1.7 | 27.2 |
| Early Red Clawson | 1.6 | 26.8 |
| Diamond Grit | 1.8 | 25.9 |

The popularity of the varieties with the experimenters is represented by the following figures: Dawson's Golden Chaff, 100; Early Genesee Giant, 84; Gold Coin, 76; Diamond Grit, 71; Early Red Clawson, 69. The Diamond Grit variety was sent out owing to its quality rather than its yield of grain. The Early Red Clawson, which is a soft red wheat, made comparatively poor results in the co-operative experiments over Ontario. The Dawson's Golden Chaff gave a yield of upwards of forty bushels of grain per acre in twenty-one of the experiments.

The one hundred and fourteen reports of successfully conducted experiments came from twenty-nine of the counties of Ontario. The counties which sent the largest number of good reports were Grey, Huron, and Middlesex, in Western Ontario; York, Muskoka, and Northumberland, in Central Ontario; and Hastings, Frontenac and Lanark, in Eastern Ontario.

Many of the experimenters deserve much credit for the care they have taken in conducting the co-operative tests with winter wheat during the past year.

BRIDE AND MONEY MISSING

Said She Had "Gone With a Handsomer Man."

Danbury, Conn., Sept. 1: Deserted by his bride of six weeks, Jacob Krebs is seeking a divorce, which, under the law of Connecticut, he cannot obtain in less than three years. Krebs is a farmer, and has many acres of land in the suburbs of this city. He is elderly and rich. Until the early part of July he was a widower, lonely in his country home, and longing for someone to take charge of the domestic affairs of the old farmhouse and make happy his declining years.

The farmer saw a matrimonial advertisement. It described a pretty widow who longed to make some elderly man happy in return for a comfortable home and a husband's love. The old farmer lost no time in communicating with the widow. The days seemed years until the mail from New York brought a sweetly scented letter, in which was enclosed a photograph of the widow, and which named a meeting place in the event that the farmer wished to further the acquaintance. The first train to New York had Krebs as a passenger. He met the widow and their love was apparently mutual up to the first sight. Maria Lange was the widow's name and she lived at No. 114 East 168th street at the time she first communicated with the Danbury farmer.

Krebs' attorneys learned to-day that she was landlady of the building at that address until June 30th last. Krebs and the widow were married in New York on July 2d, and after a short wedding trip they came to this city, and Mrs. Krebs was formally installed as mistress of the farmhouse.

"One married life was so happy the first few weeks," said Krebs, describing his missing wife. "She was so sweet and kind, and such a good housekeeper." When the farmer came to town on Saturday his wife remained at home to complete some household duties that she said were imperative. Krebs returned home at dusk. His bride could not be found. He searched the room table he found a note, scented and written in the dainty hand that had so thrilled the farmer's heart when he opened the first letter from New York. It said simply: "I have gone to Germany with another man. You will not see me again. I have taken some money and other things, but they are only my share as wife."

A large sum of money, just how much Krebs' attorneys will not say, a gold watch and chain and some articles of household utility were gone.

Value of Birds to the World. A French naturalist asserts that if the world should become birdless man could not inhabit it after nine years' time in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The insects and slugs would simply eat up all the orchards and crops in that time.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. M. CAMPBELL. Bay of Islands. I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. WM. DANIELS. Springhill, N. S. I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. GEORGE TINGLEY. Albert Co., N. B.

Definite. "You look worried," remarked the first cabin passenger. "I am," replied the other. "Two days ago I called to my wife, who is at home, that I would sail for Paris to-day, and asked her where I could meet her. Just before sailing I got this reply: 'Will meet you here on Friday at 3 o'clock.'" Philadelphia Press.

Tien Tsin and Its History

The attention of the civilized world is now concentrated upon Pekin and Tien-Tsin. An authoritative description of the latter city will therefore doubtless be of interest. A gentleman, who has spent many years at Tien-Tsin, Dr. Jackson, gives the following account of that city:

Tien-Tsin is situated at the junction of the Yun Ho or LARA River, better known as the Grand Canal, with the Pei-Ho. It is distant from Pekin by road about 80 miles, but the bulk of the enormous traffic between the two cities is by the river Pei-Ho as far as Taugchow (13 miles from Pekin) and thence by carts and wheelbarrows over the once magnificent but now dilapidated stone causeway. Tien-Tsin was formerly a place of no importance and till recently had few historic associations; till the end of the Ming dynasty, when it became a great distributing centre. The navigability of the Pei-Ho for sea going junks ceases at Tien-Tsin and this made it the emporium for the very large quantities of rice yearly sent up to the capital, after the Grand Canal shoaled up so as to be unfit for carriage in bulk. The expedition of the importance of the city as it then proved to be the military gateway to the north and an excellent base. It was here on June 26, 1898, that the German fleet, under Admiral Kaper, signed the treaty which was to conclude the war, but which unhappily led to its indefinite prolongation. The terms in which the treaty was signed were that a mile distant from the West Gate and is now enclosed in a small arsenal (Hsi Kwan Tze) and surrounded by factories for the manufacture of small arms ammunition.

Massacre of French Sisters. The city will ever be infamous to Europeans and Americans for the massacre of the French Sisters of Mercy and other foreigners on June 21, 1870, in which the most appalling brutality was exhibited. As usual the political agitators who instigated the riot got off. The rules of the Roman Catholic Church still tower up on a commanding site on the river bank, but the entire mission has been transferred to the French concession, a mile lower down the river.

The population is reputed to be 1,000,000, but there is no statistical evidence to justify such large figures. The houses without one exception are one storied. The suburbs are very extensive and there is the usual confusion as to where the town begins and ends. The city walls are quadrate and extend about 4,000 feet in the direction of the central point. The German concession, which is a well known point, is situated at Victoria Park. An excellent recreation ground of ten acres has also been developed, and three miles distant there is a well known hotel, the Astor House and The Globe, clubs, a theatre and an excellent library.

LIFE OF RUSSIA'S RULER. When the present Czar of Russia, whose extraordinary likeness to the Duke of York has often been remarked, is one of the most remarkable men of the age, seldom and briefly, and while he is talking his eyes are generally fixed on the ground. He rarely laughs, and does not often smile. His father has no doubt resembling his fearless grandfather in this respect. "I will live and die for Russia; how I die I care not," he said a few days after his accession.

The Czar's home life is simple. He likes plain food at dinner, and he seldom has many guests at his table. He eats quickly, but he is well accustomed to work a good deal, and he drinks very little wine. He drives about in a small two-horse carriage, and so wears a heavy, warm, and simple dress, like all the civil servants. Nicholas is an unwearying worker. All documents submitted to him he reads carefully, and he frequently makes notes on them with a red pencil. His memory is wonderful, and it often happens that months after he has given an unimportant order he will ask as to its manner in which it was carried out. Summer and winter he is the first to arise in the morning, and he is working hard while the others are still sleeping.

During the day the Czarina sits beside his desk sewing or embroidering. Whenever a court official enters she prepares to leave the room, but the Czar invariably says, "No, my dear, you won't disturb me. I have no objection to your sitting by my side and drawing her back to her seat. A firm believer in popular education is Nicholas. While he was in the army he once said: "Russia has had a Czar who was a liberator; it also needs a Czar who will be an educator, and the people have not forgotten those words. Of the Czar's interest in popular education there are many evidences. Hardly a day passes that the Russian papers do not contain articles about new schools, new libraries and new educational societies. Mainly About People.

Father Rombochko refused to celebrate mass for the late King Humbert at the request of the Italian Legation in London. The late King Humbert, said last night that his refusal was due to the fact that Humbert had been excommunicated by the Pope. The late King Humbert, said last night that his refusal was due to the fact that Humbert had been excommunicated by the Pope.

DROPSY

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of Kidney Disease is Dropsy. For which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually *dammed up*, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the film which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys' health. There is only one Kidney Medicine.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

HOW TO BE RID OF FAT.

Simple Method of Reducing Superfluous Flesh.

Do you want to lose some of your too, too solid flesh these warm days? Nothing simpler, as one learns after a chat with one of our representative women. This representative woman not only has already been benefited herself, but she has a more determined friend who cast 16 pounds of superfluous tissue in half as many weeks. This knowledge came from Dr. William T. Cattel, of Baltimore, who came upon it in his practice, and who read an essay on the subject at the nineteenth annual meeting of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of the State of Maryland.

Fat, by the way, should constitute from one-fifth to one-twentieth of one's weight, and one may vary from 25 pounds either way without discomfort or disease. There's danger in too much of it, however. Danger, too, in most of the remedies resorted to for cleaning out the distended cellular-adipose tissue. Many of these agents act as slow poisons, damage the functions of digestion and cause repugnance to food, which means nothing but a general enervation, debility, fainting, exercising by ironed rules, and the rest, are all tiresome.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm has in its possession, custody and control a certain sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me this 6th day of December, A.D. 1898. A. W. GIBSON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Carrying Out the Boycott. The union labor leader took the \$5 bill and examined it critically. Then he handed it back and shook his head. "I can't accept it," he said.

"Why not? You've earned it," protested the other. "True," replied the labor man, "but I cannot find a union label on it anywhere."

If the child is restless at night, has coated tongue, pallid complexion, a dose of Miller's Worm Powders is what is required; pleasant, harmless.

Unnaturally Large. "Yes, sir," said the actress, haughtily, "that is my figure—one thousand dollars per week." "There are two hotels," responded the manager, thoughtfully, "your figure is—a little bit padded?"—The August Smart Set.

I used to be continually tired, now I am strong and well—Miller's Compound Iron Pills did it.

Clock for a Sweet Tooth. A strange clock was made during the last century for a French nobleman. The dial was horizontal, and the figures, being of ivory, were filled with different sweets or spices.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc. Constant working not thinking. Makes money.

ACUTE RHEUMATISM

Terrible Suffering Immediately Relieved by Polson's Nervine. Convincing Proof of the Efficacy of this Great Nerve-Pain-Cure.

Mr. Eckle Bell, traveler for the well-known boot and shoe firm, Frank Bros., New York, writes: "On a recent trip through Canada was stricken with acute rheumatism, and for days could not even turn in bed, every movement caused the most excruciating pain that mortal ever suffered. I tried many of the so-called cures for rheumatism, called in a doctor and had him prescribe, but obtained no relief. Nothing seemed penetrating enough to relieve my suffering and I forced almost to the point of death. I followed the advice of the grip bearing of my case, came to see me, and advised me to use Polson's Nervine. A box was immediately procured from the nearest drug store. A few applications brought relief, and a more extended use of that wonderful pain destroyer cured me. I would not do without Nervine for the world, and cannot say too much in its favor."

NERVINE

Is a great household remedy that is worth its weight in gold. Its highly penetrating powers make it never-failing in all cases of Rheumatic Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pain in the Back and Side. It relieves in one minute the most excruciating pains of the head and the best success remedy for all pains.

Sold by all dealers. Price 25c. Prepared only by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Polson's Own Extractor cures eczema without pain in 24 hours. Try it.

MAKE THEIR FUNERAL TOILET

Decapitated Insects Lay Themselves Out for the Last Rites.

It has often been noticed that there are no animals which are more dainty and fastidious in their personal habits than insects. The extreme pains which the common house-fly takes in attending to its toilet, being a good example of the racial characteristic. The discovery has now been made that certain insects which have such a respect for Mrs. Grundy and are endowed with such an innate love of neatness and order, that not even death, or, rather, decapitation, can prevent them from making one grand final toilet, which is clearly designed to give them a sedate and respectable appearance after death.

Dr. Bailton, a skillful entomologist, has discovered this remarkable fact. "During one of my recent horseback rides," he says, "I frequently caught one of those large flies which annoy cattle and horses so much, and I promptly got rid of it by crushing its head. One day, instead of throwing the mutilated insect away, I placed it on the back of my hand and indolently watched it. For some seconds the insect remained motionless, but then to my unbounded surprise it was only a second's time before it had moved its front legs forward to the place where the head should have been, after it had rubbed them nervously together, apparently in anguish. It began to brush its body and to smooth its wings with its hind legs. Under the gentle pressure of these limbs the body gradually became extended and the extremity curved, while the wings gradually changed their natural position and left the upper part of the body exposed. Meanwhile the hind legs continued to brush each other from time to time. Naturally I watched this extraordinary sight with great interest, and in order to see the finale I took the insect into my study, where it lived an entire day, spending the time at the ungrateful task of making its own funeral toilet."

Sick Stomach,

Biliousness, Cramps, Spasms, Nausea, Vomiting, Cured in a few Minutes by Polson's Nervine.

This marvelous remedy has wonderful power in subduing all kinds of pain. For internal colic, while the wings gradually expand, the patient is gradually relieved. As a stimulant for external use nothing can approach its penetrating power. It is times stronger than any other, but pleasant to the taste. Try a ten-cent bottle. Sold everywhere.

How the Trouble Began.

A citizen walking past a butcher shop in Beatrice, Neb., saw the butcher live a customer rolling over the sawdust floor in lively rough-and-tumble fashion. He pried them apart and then learned that the customer had come in to buy some dog meat. The butcher, nonchalantly asked: "Do you wish to eat it here or shall I wrap it up?" Then the trouble began.

Mrs. G. Howell, Dante, Ont., says: I find Miller's Worm Powders a good medicine.

Practically Applied. "My dear," said a husband, "pray devote Just half a minute to repairing my great Which a pointed nail has chanced to rend."

"It's 10 o'clock," said his drowsy mate, "Yes," said hubby, "it is rather late; But you know it is never too late to mend."

Miller's Grip Powders cure. A "Fort" and a "Fortress." People often ask why it is called Fortress Moore instead of Fort Monroe. The difference between a fort and a fortress lies in the fact that the former is designed to contain solely the garrison and their munitions, while the latter is a city containing a large number of noncombatants.

France has on the German frontier three first-class fortresses—Belfort, Verdun and Briancourt; on the Belgian frontier, Lille, Dunkirk, Arras and Fonzac; on the Italian, Lyon, Grenoble and Besancon, and on the Atlantic coast, Rochefort, Lorient and Brest.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dizziness. Maidenly Confidence. He—Two weeks ago you would have believed it possible that we could be sitting here by the sea so close together and so much in love?

She—Oh, yes. "But you didn't even know me then." "No. But I knew myself.—The August Smart Set.

My daughter has improved so much that you would scarcely know her. Miller's Compound Iron Pills did it.

Well, Rather. A woman is much more likely to forget her birthday than to leave the pickles behind when he goes to a picnic.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. The Social Labor party of London, Ont., has decided to nominate a candidate for the Commons.

ISSUE NO 35, 1900.

Weak Lungs

When your throat and lungs are perfectly healthy you needn't worry about the germs of consumption. They don't attack healthy people. It's the weak, debilitated, inflamed membranes that are first affected. Hard coughs and colds weaken your throat and lungs and make consumption more easy.

Scott's Emulsion

Is the best remedy you can take. It soothes and heals and gives tone and strength to these delicate membranes. In this way you can prevent consumption. And you cure it also if you haven't had it too long. Keep taking it until your lungs are strong and your weight restored.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

THE HEAVIEST BRAIN.

It Was Possessed by an Epileptic Idiot of Germany.

In a German psychological journal Professor Van Walsom gives a short description of the heaviest brain on record. The possessor of this ponderous organ was an epileptic idiot, who died at the age of twenty-one years. He began to walk at four years of age, never attended school, and was received into the institution at Meerenberg at his fourteenth year. He was an idiot of low intelligence, and of encephalic but good humored disposition. The senses were good and the muscular system well developed. He suffered from epilepsy, during an attack of which he died. The brain weighed 2,850 grams, and was thus stronger than any other, but pleasant to the taste. Try a ten-cent bottle. Sold everywhere.

A dose of Miller's Worm Powders occasionally will keep the children healthy.

Egging Him On. "Language," quoted Willie Washington, "was given for the concealment of thought."

"Indeed," rejoined Miss Cayenne, languidly, "permit me to congratulate you on being so perfect a master of English."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. The Alton Hotel, at Stratford, has been refused a transfer of license, and Mr. Gordon, the owner, is circulating a petition to dismiss the Commissioner.

NOTICE TO HORSE OWNERS. It is a well known fact that horses troubled with HAIRIE, if placed on Prairie pasture, are soon cured.

PRAIRIE WEED HAIR POWDER is composed of the Prairie Weed which has been found so effective in curing Hooves, combined with other valuable remedial agents and will give a general remedy for Hooves and Coughs in Horses and Cattle.

25 cents per package at all Druggists, or mailed by M. F. EBY, Chemist, Port Elio, Ont.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE. One of the finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, Ont. 170 acres, 45 of which is in fruit, mostly peaches. 12,000 baskets of fruit, mostly peaches, are now on the trees. Will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. This is a bargain. Address JONATHAN CARPENTER, P.O. Box 408, Winona, Ont.

WANTED. A general servant for a small family. Good home for respectable girl. Address 125 Victoria Avenue South, Hamilton, Ont.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD BUSINESS EDUCATION for the least money, write Brockville Business College, Brockville, Ont.

FITS PERMANENTLY CURED BY DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer. No fits or nervousness after first day's use. Send to 381 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for treatise and free \$2 trial bottle. For sale by J. A. Harte, 1730 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, Que.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for Children's Coughs, it soothes the throat, softens the gums, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE HOUSEWIFE SHOWS EXCELLENT JUDGMENT

When Buying St. Lawrence Granulated.

IT IS 100 Per Cent. Pure.

TALMAGIAN LESSONS FROM CITY TEMPTATIONS

Very Hard For a Man to Keep His Heart Right and Get to Heaven--City No Worse Than the Country.

Washington report says: From St. Petersburg, the Russian capital, where he was cordially received by the emperor and empress and the empress dowager, Mr. Talmage sends this discourse, in which he shows the mighty good that may be done by the cities, and also the vast evil they may do by their allurements to the unsuspecting and the unguarded. The text is Zachariah 1, 17: "My cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad."

SUNDAY SCHOOL INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. X. SEPTEMBER 2, 1900.

The Seventy Sent Forth.—Luko 10: 1-17: 30. Commentary.—Connecting Links. There is great difference of opinion as to the time of the sending of the Seventy. The very fact that the best authorities are about evenly divided between November, A. D. 23, and January, A. D. 30, shows that we cannot know definitely. We have held to the former date because it seems to us the most natural. Several authorities, however, the great majority, think the event occurred on early October, before the Feast of Tabernacles. The Lord appointed—This appointment was temporary, and not permanent like the appointment of the twelve apostles. Seventy others (R. V.)—The twelve apostles had been commissioned and sent out about a year before, and so gave a large amount of time in which he sent out the seventy. This was done, "I. To teach them the necessity of concord among the twelve, and to give them a glimpse of the mouth of two witnesses and three might be established. 2. That they might comfort and support each other in their difficult labor."—Clarke. Before the Lord's departure, he visited those cities and places that he intended to visit. It was an important mission, Christ was about to make one final effort to reach the common people. 2. Therefore, and His own them.—The instructions given them were distinct from and yet similar to the instructions given the twelve apostles. They were given authority to work miracles, and they were to receive persecutions which are not mentioned with reference to the Seventy. The harvest truly is great.—The harvest is the souls of men. The seed is the word of God. The laborers are few. True workers have always been hard to find. This is the greatest calling in the world, and yet there are few who are ready to make the small, temporary self-denial that is necessary in order to see success in Christian work. They had faith and they set out with prayer, and had a deep concern for precious souls.—Henry. Sent forth.—The laborers must receive their commission from God. Laborers—Real workers. 3. As lambs among wolves.—This was a strange way to encourage seventy men just starting out to preach the gospel. It was a warning that when Christ sent them they were safe even among their enemies. 4. Carry neither purse, etc.—Trust God for your support. Salute no man in the way.—Eastern salutations are elaborate and ceremonious. 5. Peace be to this house.—Peace among the Hebrews had a very extensive meaning; it comprehended all blessings, spiritual and temporal. 6. If the son of peace.—Any truly pious man who is worthy of such a blessing. 7. In the same house remain.—They stay was to be short. They were not to choose the best places and neglect the poor, and were not to spend time in the search for better accommodations. It is worthy of his hire.—The one who really labors is his worth being supported, but to distort all his past history, and after a little while he has gone by instead of considering himself an honorable citizen he is lost in contemplation and in admiration of the fact that he had so long kept out of jail! And that again, in more perilous regard to some of these things, we may not mention them. While God in His Bible from chapter to chapter thundered his denunciations against these crimes people expect the pulpit and the printing press to be silent on the subject, and thus in proportion as people are impure and they fastidious on this theme. They are so full of decay and death they do not want their sepulchers opened. God will turn into destruction all the unclean, and no splendors of grandeur can make decent that which he has smitten. God will not excuse sin merely because it has costly array and beautiful tapestry and palatial residence any more than he will excuse that which crawls a blotch of sores through the lowest cellar. Ever and anon through some lawsuit there flashes up on the people of our great cities what is transpiring in seemingly respectable circles. You can call it "high life," you can call it "fast living," you can call it "people's eccentricity," and they will kick off the sidewalk the poor wretch who has not the means to garish his iniquity, these lords and ladies, wrapped in purple and in linen, go unwhipped by the public justice. The most dreadful part of the whole thing is that there are persons abroad whose whole business it is to despoil the young. What an eternity such a man will have! As the door opens to receive him thousands of voices will cry out, "See here, what have you done?" and the wretch will wrap himself with fiercer flame and leap into deeper darkness, and the multitude he has destroyed will pursue him and hurl at him the long, bitter, relentless, ever-lingering curse of their own anguish. If there be one cup of eternal darkness more bitter than another, they will have to drink it to the dregs. If in all the ocean of the lost world that comes billowing up there be one wave more fierce than another, it will dash over them. But there is hope for all who will turn. Young men, while you have time to reflect upon these things and before the duties of the office and the store and the shop come upon you again, look over this whole subject, and after the day has passed and you hear in the nightfall the voices and footsteps of the city dying from your feet, and you see the smoke of the hearth going "tick, tick," then open your eyes and look out upon the darkness and see two pillars of light, one horizontal, the other perpendicular, and change the duties of the office and they come together, and your enraptured vision beholds it—the cross. Because George Riley winked at A. S. Brown's wife Brown pulled a revolver on Riley yesterday while walking on Main street, Wilmington. The pistol failed to go off, and Brown was arrested. The trouble arose over a alleged flirtation by Riley with the wife of Brown.

TO FIRE KISSING PASTOR. Camden Christian Scientists Say He Must Go.

Philadelphia report: The breach in the flock of Camden Christian Scientists, which had its inception in the day for I think recently taken by Miss Kate McCulloch, one of the fold, to recover some \$1,000, which she alleges was wrongfully obtained from her by Dr. Tomkins, the kissing pastor, and her husband, the association, whose kissing exploits were recently the subject of gossip, is widening and deepening. A stormy scene on Wednesday night in Taylor Hall, Market street, where the meetings of the congregation are held. Dr. Tomkins and his faithful adherents to the number of five were the first to reach the room, and they at once proceeded to bar the door against the disaffected party, which numbers about twenty. Later on, however, it was decided to throw open the entrance, and no sooner was this done than in marched the whole party of malcontents. Dr. Tomkins was just giving out the one-way hymn, and he was handed a written demand to take charge of his resignation, the paper bearing twenty signatures. The doctor merely glanced at the document, then laid it upon the table, both technically and literally, and proceeded with the services. The doctor's adversaries do not propose to let this matter rest. They have already written a demand to take charge of his resignation, the paper bearing twenty signatures. The doctor merely glanced at the document, then laid it upon the table, both technically and literally, and proceeded with the services. The doctor's adversaries do not propose to let this matter rest. They have already written a demand to take charge of his resignation, the paper bearing twenty signatures. The doctor merely glanced at the document, then laid it upon the table, both technically and literally, and proceeded with the services.

WILL APPEAL TO MRS. EDDY.

Philadelphia report: The breach in the flock of Camden Christian Scientists, which had its inception in the day for I think recently taken by Miss Kate McCulloch, one of the fold, to recover some \$1,000, which she alleges was wrongfully obtained from her by Dr. Tomkins, the kissing pastor, and her husband, the association, whose kissing exploits were recently the subject of gossip, is widening and deepening. A stormy scene on Wednesday night in Taylor Hall, Market street, where the meetings of the congregation are held. Dr. Tomkins and his faithful adherents to the number of five were the first to reach the room, and they at once proceeded to bar the door against the disaffected party, which numbers about twenty. Later on, however, it was decided to throw open the entrance, and no sooner was this done than in marched the whole party of malcontents. Dr. Tomkins was just giving out the one-way hymn, and he was handed a written demand to take charge of his resignation, the paper bearing twenty signatures. The doctor merely glanced at the document, then laid it upon the table, both technically and literally, and proceeded with the services. The doctor's adversaries do not propose to let this matter rest. They have already written a demand to take charge of his resignation, the paper bearing twenty signatures. The doctor merely glanced at the document, then laid it upon the table, both technically and literally, and proceeded with the services.

FRAUDULENT WANT ADS.

A Man Who Advertised for Employees Arrested in New York. A few days ago the New York police arrested a man who described himself as John B. Andrews, 35 years of age, and a housekeeper to take paper found in his possession, in a charge of his home, which was described as being near to New York. They were to be paid at the rate of \$20 a month from April. From this he had another advertisement to attract the attention of unemployed clerks and stenographers who were to be paid at the rate of \$20 and \$15 a week, respectively. A typewritten circular, over Andrews' signature and dated July 21, fell into the hands of the detectives and a decoy letter was sent to him asking him to come to New York. In the room clerk of the Hoffman House received a letter from Paterson, N. J., written by Andrews who asked to be accommodated with a suite of rooms, as he desired staying in the city for some time. He was taken to the Hoffman House and a room was shown a suite of rooms on the second floor. He was taken to the room and he was about fifty feet to his apartment. He was intercepted and he was taken to the police station. He was taken to the police station and he was taken to the police station.

MARKET REPORTS

Table with columns for Market Reports, The Week, and various commodity prices. Includes sub-sections like 'Leading Wheat Markets' and 'Toronto Farmers' Market'.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, possibly a page number or a reference code.

Great Reduction In Men's and Boys Summer Clothing

Our stock of Men's and Boys' Summer Clothing must be closed out immediately. Prices is the consideration. Summer is flying and the time is short. We have made prices reduction for this sale that no other clothing store has ever equalled. The highest qualities will sell for whatever they will bring in the great

CLEARING SALE

Men's fine Bike Suits, in fine tweeds, well assorted in sizes and patterns, to clear at \$2.90, regular prices \$3.50 to \$5.00 at the

GLOBE - CLOTHING - HOUSE

The Up-to-date Clothiers and Gent's Furnishers

COR. KING & BUELL STS. — BROCKVILLE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CANADA'S GREAT INDUSTRIAL FAIR - TORONTO - August 27 to Sept. 8

CHEAP RATES
Tickets good going August 28, 29, 30, 31 and September 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7
\$6.95

Tickets good going Sept. 3rd & 5th.
\$4.90
All tickets valid returning from Toronto on or before Sept. 10th, 1900.
For tickets at above reduced rates and all information apply to
G. T. FULFORD,
G.T.E. City Passenger Agent
Office: Fulford Block, next to Post Office, Court House Ave. Brockville.

C. E. Pickrell & Sons

ATHENS, ONT.
General - Blacksmiths
Horseshoeing
Repairing
and all kinds of general work

We return thanks for the liberal patronage we have received, and assure our customers that in the future, as in the past, their orders will receive particular attention and be executed with promptness and accuracy. Storage solicited.

C. E. Pickrell & Sons

CANNED

I CAN YOU CAN YOU CAN

I have a carefully selected stock of Family Groceries as can be found in Athens, and among other choice goods a splendid selection of the choicest brands of Canned Goods, including

CANNED VEGETABLES,
CANNED MEATS,
CANNED FRUITS.

I Can, therefore, promise you good satisfaction and feel convinced that

You Can do no better elsewhere. This being the case

We Can deal in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

CANNING TIME

is here and our stock of self sealers and preserving sugars are worthy of your attention.

Picnic parties and campers will find at this store everything necessary for their larder.

A combination of high quality and low prices makes our Teas and Coffees popular.

G. A. McCLARY

Local Notes

Miss Garrett of Ottawa is in Athens this week, the guest of Miss Mary Wright.

The village schools open on Tuesday next, Sept. 5th, Monday, the usual day of opening, being Labor Day.

It is claimed by those who have observed the matter that lightning kills five times as many people in the country as in the town.

Miss Miriam Green writes from Fernbank, where she is spending part of the holiday season, that she will resume her classes on Sept. 5th.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. U. J. Flach, late of the staff of Sydenham high school, has been appointed principal of Napanee Collegiate Institute.

The Holiness Movement camp-meeting opens at Lake Elvada to-day and a very large attendance is assured, many coming from a distance to remain throughout the meetings.

Miss Minnie Morris, a recent graduate of the Ottawa normal, has been engaged as assistant teacher in the Athens school during the model term. No change has been made in the very capable staff of teachers.

There are some food combinations that a boy cannot digest. A few days ago, Norman McCallum, 13 years of age, of Storrington township, ate ice cream and cucumbers, which caused his death.

The scheme to hold an historical celebration in Arnprior has been abandoned. Public enthusiasm could not be aroused. A similar celebration was mooted in Athens some time ago, but failed to obtain the necessary financial support.

Examine the voters' list of your municipality and see that your name is on it. There will probably be two general elections on the lists of 1900. Every man who is twenty one years of age and a British subject is entitled to have his name on the list.

This week, several Athenians received the following announcement: "Mr. and Mrs. G. W. LeGard announce the birth of their daughter, Etta Berenice, Thursday, August 23, 1900. 4339 Champlain Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Reporter joins in the congratulations that their many Athenian friends extend to the happy household.

Glen Buell residents and many others in Leeds county will be pleased to learn that John Hall, who about 11 years ago removed to Sudbury and engaged in business there, has been so successful that he has lately sold his business interests in the village of Nairn Centre at a very fair profit and intends to make his residence and put in his capital in building up New Ontario.—Times.

H. S. Entrance Examination.

The following selections in literature from the fourth book have been prescribed for the entrance examination for 1901: Tom Brown; Pictures of Memory; The barefoot boy; The Vision of Mirza, first reading; The Vision of Mirza, second reading; On His Own Blindness; From "The Deserted Village"; Flow Gently, Sweet Afton; The Bell of Atri; Lady Clare; The Heroine of Verecheres; Landing of the Pilgrims; After Death in Arabia; Robert Burns; The Ride from Ghent to Aix; Canada and the United States; National Morality; Scene from "King John." The following selections from the fourth reader are for memorizing: The Bells of Shandon; To Mery in Heaven; Ring Out, Wild Bells; Lady Clare; Lead, Kindly Light; Before Sedan; The Three Kings; To a Skylark; Elegy on a Friend.

The Game Laws.

The game warden is issuing notices for the information of the public containing an abstract of the Ontario game laws. For the first time for many years, moose, reindeer and cariboo may be killed between the 1st and 15th of November, both days inclusive. Another opportunity to hunt these stately animals will not be given sportsmen until 1903, as the open season is restricted to period of fifteen days every third year. Only one of each variety may be taken by any one person in one season, and no cow moose of either of these animals under the age of one year may be killed. Partridge, quail, wood-cock and snipe may not be bought nor sold before 1905.

If you wish to cure scrofula or salt rheum permanently, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It expels all impurities from the blood.

The next meeting of the High Court of the I. O. F. for Eastern Ontario will be held at Cornwall in August, 1901. Representatives are to be allowed 4c. per mile one way and \$1.50 per day for two days.

In the list of successful high school students published in the Reporter last week, the name of Wallace Charland of Phillipsville should have appeared instead of Wallace Pinkerton, and Maud Webster of Lyndhurst instead of Maud Wiltsie.

Charles Tennant, a Mallorytown farmer, was on Monday fined \$20 and costs for killing a valuable deer hound owned by M. B. Stack, Lyn. Tennant had been annoyed by dogs worrying his sheep, and one night on seeing this dog prowling around his premises, he filled him full of lead.

Referring to the woman's dress that mops the street, an observer says: "Suppose we men were to have our trousers made three or four inches too long and then walk up and down the street with a firm hold on each leg, trying to prevent ourselves from stepping on them."

Mr. E. R. Witheril with his family is this week removing to Williamstown where he has for several years been employed on the staff of the high school of that place. Athenians are sorry to lose such worthy citizens and hope that health, wealth and happiness may attend them in their new home.

The latest name mentioned for the position of coadjutor Bishop of Ontario is that of the Rev. Street Macklem of St. Simon's church, Toronto. Intense church interest centres in the election, which is to take place at the opening of the Synod on September 4th.

This week, Mr. George Moore closes his confectionery business here and goes to Smith's Falls, where he will join with his father in conducting a bakery. George has been a popular caterer to the taste of luxurious Athenians and will no doubt meet with equal success at the Falls.

There will be 12 chicken fattening stations in operation in the Dominion this year under Government auspices. Those in Ontario will be at Chatham, Whitby and Lancaster. The stations operated by the Government last year at Carleton Place and Woodstock will this year be conducted by private enterprise.

The students of the Brockville Business College are successful in obtaining employment at home as well as abroad. Miss Kate Young has a position as book-keeper in Brockville and A. L. McConnell has a situation as stenographer in the head office of the B. & W. R. R.

The Methodists of Delta, circuit are to have a reunion in the church at that place, Sunday, Sept. 2nd—Flower Day. There will be three services, one in the morning for older people; in the afternoon the children are to be addressed by Miss Bertha Gile and Rev. Mr. Philp; then a service in the evening for the young people.

We congratulate Mr. L. J. Cornwell, late of Stratford collegiate institute, on his appointment to the principalship of Meaford high school. Mr. Cornwell is an excellent teacher, an indefatigable worker, and has all the experience necessary to make him a success in his new administrative capacity.

A report having got abroad that through the militia department, the war office has ordered several pairs of socks for army use, the department is fairly inundated these days with inquiries from would be contractors. One farmer wrote that he would be glad to supply "ten dozen pairs at current contract prices."

A number of small boys have been making themselves obnoxious at different stations along the line of the B. & W. Railway by jumping on and off moving trains. This is a very dangerous habit and should not be permitted. The railway company's agents and conductors have repeatedly warned them of their danger, but they take no notice of it. The railway company's officers are determined that it shall be stopped and will make an example of some of them if it is not stopped immediately. Of course it is amusement to the boys, who do not understand its danger, but if an accident should happen, the railway company's employees would be blamed for it, while they are doing their best to prevent accidents.

Twilight on the Lake.

To my Friend, Dr. E. S. Cornell.
Beneath the western hills the sun dips down,
A disc of vermeil light and purple fire,
A spell of stillness now is hung upon
The ancient forest with its feathered lyre.

The sheen of summer's green and leafy gown,
Like some fair maid's, her jewels glit and gleam,
A film of hazy gauze, a form of grace,
Now floats before me like a pleasing dream.

And there the lyric brook which nature has enthral'd,
The tuneful ear of May made silvery in tones,
Here to my haunt her ahrunken rivulet has crawled
And flows with sullen murmur o'er the stones,

The cool, beloved breeze with healing art,
Now fans my cheek and cools my feasting brain,
It lends dull anguish wings to swift depart
And drives away the bed-fellow of pain.

CRAWF, C. SLACK.

Some Reasons

Why You Should Insist on Having EUREKA HARNESS OIL
Unequaled by any other.
(Endures hard leather soft.)
Especially prepared.
Keeps out water.
A heavy bodied oil.

HARNESS
An excellent preservative.
Reduces cost of your harness.
Never burns the leather; its efficiency is increased.
Secures best service.
Stitches kept from breaking.

OIL
sold in all localities
Manufactured by
Imperial Oil Company.

Spavins, Ringbones, Splints

Curbs, and All Forms of Lameness Yield to
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Works thousands of cures annually. Endorsed by the best breeders and horsemen everywhere. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. As a liniment for family use it has no equal.
West Leno, Ontario, Can., Dec. 14, 1898.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sir:—I have a valuable horse which got lame. I took him to the Veterinary Surgeon who pronounced it a splint and gave me little hope, although he applied a splint. This made matters only worse and he told me that if I could not stand up. After trying everything in my power I went to a horse doctor and he told me that I could not stand up. After trying everything in my power I went to a horse doctor and he told me that I could not stand up. After trying everything in my power I went to a horse doctor and he told me that I could not stand up.

MONDAY, Aug. 27.—School opened on August 20th with Miss McLean of Toronto as teacher.
Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Heinrich, and Miss Heinrich of Toronto, accompanied by Mr. Thompson of the Bermuda Islands, are occupying the Jones cottage for the summer months and are much charmed with the quiet, pure air and beautiful scenery of our little hamlet. On Saturday evening last they entertained a number of friends by a musical given at the home of Mr. J. Judd.

Mrs. John Crawford of Athens and son, Master Arthur, spent Sunday and Monday here at the home of Mrs. S. Taber. On their return home they were accompanied by Miss Pearl, who had spent a couple of weeks very pleasantly with her sister.
The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dean were much pained to hear of the death of their infant daughter, and much sympathy is expressed for them in this their second bereavement.

Mrs. S. Taber, sr., is spending a couple of weeks with her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Singleton of Westport.
Miss Roddick of Lyndhurst, who has spent some weeks with friends here, returned home on Saturday.

The People's Column.

Ads. of 6 lines and under in this column, 25c for first insertion and 10c each subsequent insertion.
Store to Rent.
A corner brick store in the village of Lyndhurst, very suitable for business. Possession given at once. Apply to
MRS. H. GREEN
Lyndhurst, Ont.

Board for Students.

Students attending the High or Model school can obtain board and a comfortable room by applying to
MRS. E. T. TENNANT
Main Street, Athens.

NOTICE

The undersigned having purchased the stock in trade, machinery, etc. of the Lynn Agricultural Works from the assignee of the estate of G. P. McNish, hereby begs to notify the public that he will continue the business at the old stand, and hopes by careful attention to the wants of customers to merit their patronage.
LYNN, Aug. 27th, 1900.
ANSON A. McNISH.

Ice-cream, Fruit, Oysters

Residents of Athens and the travelling public will please notice that in connection with my line of choice Groceries, I have put in and fitted up an Ice-cream Parlor, where ice-cream will be served every night in the week, as long as called for.
During the season, Oysters by plate or in bulk will be sold.
A choice selection of Fruits of all kinds always on hand. A call solicited.
G. F. GAINFORD, Dowsley Block
August 24, 1900. 10 42

VOTERS' LIST FOR 1900

Municipality of the Village of Athens in the County of Leeds.

Notice is hereby given, that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 8 and 9 of the Ontario Voters' Lists Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that the said list was posted up at my office, at Athens, on the 13th day of Aug., 1900, and remains there for inspection. Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.
The notice of posting which appeared in the Reporter of Aug. 1st and 8th is hereby cancelled and withdrawn and the date of posting as above substituted.
Dated at Athens this 13th day of Aug., 1900.
B. LOVERIN,
Clerk of Said Municipality

Some Reasons

Why You Should Insist on Having EUREKA HARNESS OIL
Unequaled by any other.
(Endures hard leather soft.)
Especially prepared.
Keeps out water.
A heavy bodied oil.

HARNESS
An excellent preservative.
Reduces cost of your harness.
Never burns the leather; its efficiency is increased.
Secures best service.
Stitches kept from breaking.

OIL
sold in all localities
Manufactured by
Imperial Oil Company.

Spavins, Ringbones, Splints

Curbs, and All Forms of Lameness Yield to
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Works thousands of cures annually. Endorsed by the best breeders and horsemen everywhere. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. As a liniment for family use it has no equal.
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Wm. Coates & Son

SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS.
BROCKVILLE.

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